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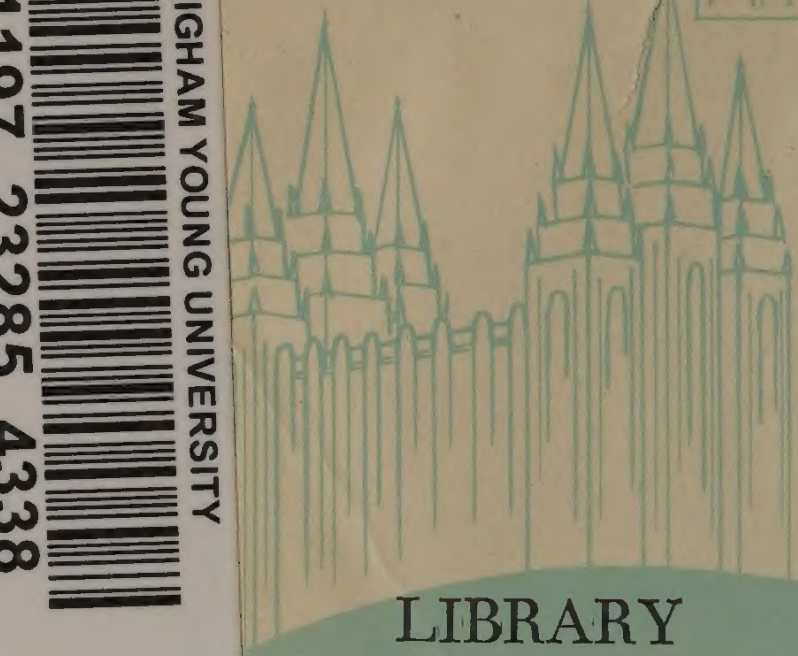

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Missionary Song Book

FOR USE OF

Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in the Missionary Field,

BEING A

Choice Selection of the Most Popular Songs in the Southern States Mission,

COMPRISING

All of Prof. E. Stephens' Y. M. M. I. A. and Missionary Selections; Songs from the Sunday School Book; Some Choice Hymns from the Hymnal; also a few of Mr. Ira D. Sankey's Favorite Songs.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHED BY THE SOUTHERN STATES MISSION,
BOX 103, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

PREFACE.

TO KEEP up with the spirit of the times, we deemed it wisdom to cull the most popular, soul-inspiring songs from our varied selection, and combine them into a small, handy and cheap edition.

Our efforts will be fully paid if the long-felt want of the traveling Elders is satisfied, and the Songs of Zion are spread, and sung to the honor and glory of God.

To Him above we ascribe this book, and dedicate it to the Missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION,
BEN. E. RICH, President.

Chattanooga, Dec. 1, 1899.

Missionary Song Book.

No. 1.

(8's & 7's.)

1 See, the mighty angel flying!
  See, he speeds his way to earth
To proclaim the blessed Gospel,
  And restore the ancient faith.

2 Hear, O men, the proclamation!
  Cease from vanity and strife;
Hasten to receive the Gospel,
  And obey the words of life.

3 Soon the earth will hear the warning;
  Then the judgments will descend!
Oh! before the days of sorrow,
  Make the Lord of Hosts your friend.

4 Then, when dangers are around you,
  And the wicked are distressed;
You, with all the Saints in Zion,
  Shall enjoy eternal rest.

No. 2.

(Song Book Page 202.)

1 Redeemer of Israel,
Our only delight,
On whom for a blessing we call;
Our shadow by day,
And our pillar by night,
Our King, our Deliv'rer, our all!

2 We know He is coming
To gather His sheep,
And lead them to Zion in love;
For why in the valley
Of death should they weep,
Or in the lone wilderness rove?

3 How long we have wandered
As strangers in sin,
And cried in the desert for Thee!
Our foes have rejoiced
When our sorrows they've seen;
But Israel will shortly be free.

4 As children of Zion,
Good tidings for us,
The tokens already appear;
Fear not, and be just,
For the kingdom is ours;
The hour of redemption is near.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 3.

(Song Book Page 198.)

1 Do what is right; the day-dawn is breaking,
Hailing a future of freedom and light:
Angels above us are silent notes taking
Of every action; do what is right!

CHORUS:

Do what is right; let the consequences follow;
Battle for freedom in spirit and might;
And with stout hearts look ye forth till tomorrow,
God will protect you; do what is right!

2 Do what is right; the shackles are falling;
Chains of the bondsmen no longer are bright;
Lightened by hope, soon they'll cease to be galling;
Truth goeth onward; do what is right!

3 Do what is right: be faithful and fearless;

Onward—press onward, the goal is
in sight;
Eyes that are wet now, ere long will
be tearless;
Blessings await you in doing what's
right.

No. 4.

(Song Book Page 193.)

1 Come all ye sons of Zion,
And let us praise the Lord;
His ransomed are returning,
According to His word;
In sacred songs and gladness
They walk the narrow way,
And thank the Lord who brought them
To see the latter day.

2 Come, ye dispersed of Judah,
Join in the theme and sing,
With harmony unceasing,
The praises of your King,
Whose arm is now extended,
On which the world may gaze,
To gather up the righteous
In these the latter days.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!
And let your joys abound;
The voice of God shall reach you

Wherever you are found,
And call you back from bondage,
That you may sing His praise
In Zion and Jerusalem,
In these the latter days.

4 Then gather up for Zion,
Ye Saints throughout the land,
And clear the way before you,
As God shall give command.
Though wicked men and devils
Exert their power, 'tis vain,
Since He who is eternal
Has said you shall obtain.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 5.

(7's.)

1 School thy feeling, O my brother,
Train thy warm, impulsive soul;
Do not its emotions smother,
But let wisdom's voice control.

2 School thy feelings; there is power
In the cool, collected mind;
Passion shatters reason's tower,
Makes the clearest vision blind.

3 School thy feelings, condemnation
Never pass on friend or foe,

Though the tide of ACCUSATION
Like a flood of truth may flow.

4 Hear DEFENSE before deciding,
And a ray of light may gleam,
Showing thee what filth is hiding
Underneath the shallow stream.

5 Should affliction's acrid vial
Burst o'er thy unsheltered head,
School thy feelings to the trial,
Half its bitterness hath fled.

6 Art thou falsely, basely slandered?
Does the world begin to frown?
Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's standard,
Keep thy rising anger down.

7 Rest thyself on this assurance:
Time's a friend to innocence,
And that patient, calm endurance
Wins respect and aids defense.

8 Noblest minds have finest feelings,
Quiv'ring strings a breath can move,
And the Gospel's sweet revealings,
Tune them with the key of love.

9 Hearts so sensitively moulded,
Strongly fortified should be,
Trained to firmness, and enfolded
In a calm tranquility.

10 Wound not wilfully another;
Conquer haste with reason's might;
School thy feelings, sister, brother,
Train them in the path of right.

No. 6.

(Song Book Page 85.)

1 O awake! my slumb'ring minstrel—
Let my harp forget its spell;
Say, O say, in sweetest accents,
Zion prospers! All is well.

2 Strike a chord unknown to sadness,
Strike, and let it's numbers tell,
In celestial tones of gladness,
Zion prospers! All is well.

3 Zion's welfare is my portion,
And I feel my bosom swell
With a warm, divine emotion,
When she prospers, all is well.

4 Zion, lo! thy day is dawning,
Through the darkness shadows swell;
Faith and hope prelude the morning,
Thou art prosp'ring; all is well.

E. R. Snow.

No. 7.

(Song Book Page 81.)

1 Ere you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ our Savior,
Did you sue for loving favor
As a shield to-day?

CHORUS:

O, how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day:
So when life gets dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

2 When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

3 When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was full of sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

No. 8.

(Song Book Page 114.)

1 Oh how lovely was the morning!
Radiant beam'd the sun above,
Bees were humming, sweet birds singing,
Music ringing through the grove;
When within the shady woodland,
Joseph sought the God of Love.

2 Humbly kneeling, sweet appealing,
'Twas the boy's first uttered prayer;
When the powers of sin assailing
Filled his soul with deep despair;
But undaunted still, he trusted
In his Heavenly Father's care.

3 Suddenly a light descended,
Brighter far than noonday sun,
And a shining glorious pillar
O'er him fell, around him shone,
While appeared two heavenly beings,
God the Father and the Son.

4 "Joseph, this is My Beloved;
Hear Him;" Oh how sweet the word!
Joseph's humble prayer was answered,
And he listened to the Lord.
Oh, what rapture filled his bosom,
For he saw the living God!

Geo. Manwaring.

No. 9.

1 Proudly as the eagle wings his flight on high,
Let our song be swelling upward to the sky.
While each glowing breast thrills with rapture blest,
While each glowing breast thrills with rapture blest.

2 Loud as mighty thunders pealing thro' the skies,
Soft as lover's sighing shall our murmurs rise,
Heav'nly music's sound spreading joy around,
Heav'nly music's sound spreading joy around.

3 Thee, O song, we honor. 'Tis of thee we sing,
Louder still and louder shall thy praises ring.
Holy heav'nly fire, thou dost e'er inspire,
Holy heav'nly fire, thou dost e'er inspire.

Alfred Stone.

No. 10.

(Song Book Page 33.)

1 Our mountain home so dear,
Where crystal waters clear
Flow ever free,
While thro' the valleys wide,
The flowers on ev'ry side,
Blooming in stately pride,
Are fair to see.

2 We'll roam the verdant hills,
And by the sparkling rills
Pluck the wild flowers;
The fragrance on the air,
The landscape bright and fair,
And sunshine everywhere,
Makes pleasant hours.

3 In sylvan depth and shade,
In forest and in glade,
Where'er we pass,
The hand of God we see,
In leaf, and bud and tree,
Or bird, or humming bee,
Or blade of grass.

4 The streamlet, flower and sod
Bespeak the works of God,
And all combine
With most exquisite grace,

His handiwork to trace,
Through nature's smiling face,
In art divine.

E. B. Wells.

No. 11.

(Song Book Page 207.)

1 Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

CHORUS:

Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness
For our reaping by and by.

2 Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flow'rs are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seemed one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff tomorrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

No. 12.

1 O home beloved, where'er I wander,
On foreign land or distant sea,
As time rolls by my heart grows fonder,
And yearns more lovingly for thee!
Tho' fair be Nature's scenes around me,
And friends are ever kind and true,
Tho' joyous mirth and song surround me,
My heart, my soul still yearn for you.

2 The flow'rs around me may be fairer
Than those that bloom upon thy hills;
The streams—great, mighty treasure-bearers,
More noted may be than thy rills;
No world-renown my humble village
Like these great towns may proudly claim,
Yet my fond heart doth thrill with rapture,
Whene'er I hear thy humble name.

3 Ye valleys fair and snow-capped mountains,
Ye peaceful hamlets 'mid the trees;
Ye murm'ring streams and crystal fountains,
Kissed by the cool, soft, balmy breeze—
Words cannot tell how well I love thee,
Nor speak my longing when I roam.
My heart alone can cry to heaven,
"God bless my own dear mountain home."

E. Stephens.

No. 13.

(Song Book Page 204.)

1 The Spirit of God like a fire is burning!
The latter-day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning,
The angels are coming to visit the earth.

CHORUS:

We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of heaven—
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!
Let Glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and forever: amen and amen!

2 The Lord is extending the Saints' understanding,
Restoring their judges and all as at first;
The knowledge and power of God are expanding;
The veil o'er the earth is beginning to burst.

3 How blessed the day when the lamb
and the lion
Shall lie down together without any ire,
And Ephraim be crowned with his
blessing in Zion
As Jesus descends with His chariots of
fire!

W. W. Phelps.

No. 14.

(Song Book Page 136.)

1 If the way be full of trial,
Weary not! Weary not!
If it's one of sore denial,
Weary not! Weary not!
If it now be one of weeping,
There will come a joyous greeting,
When the harvest we are reaping—
Weary not! Weary not!

CHORUS:

Do not weary by the way,
Whatever be thy lot;
There awaits a brighter day,
To all, to all who weary not!

2 If the way be one of sorrow,
Weary not! Weary not!
Happier will be the morrow,
Weary not! Weary not!

Here we suffer tribulation;
Here we must endure temptation,
But there'll come a great salvation,
Weary not! Weary not!

3 If misfortune overtake us,
Weary not! Weary not!
Jesus never will forsake us,
Weary not! Weary not!
He will leave us, never, never;
From His love there's naught can sever:
Glory to the Lamb forever—
Weary not! Weary not!

W. H. Flaville.

No. 15.

Song Book Page 167.)

1 Let us all press on in the work of the Lord,
That when life is o'er we may gain a reward,
In the fight for right let us wield a sword,
The mighty sword of truth.

CHORUS:

Fear not, though the enemy deride,
Courage, for the Lord is on our side;
We will heed not what the wicked may say,
But the Lord alone we will obey.

2 We will not retreat though our numbers may be few,
When compared with the opposite host in view;
But an unseen power will aid me and you
In the glorious cause of truth.

3 If we do what's right we have no need to fear,
For the Lord, our Helper, will ever be near;
In the days of trial His Saints He will cheer,
And prosper the cause of truth.

E. Stephens.

No. 16.

(Song Book Page 164.)

1 O, what song of the heart
We shall sing all the day,
When again we assemble at home;
When we meet ne'er to part,
With the blest o'er the way,
There no more from our loved ones to roam!
When we meet ne'er to part,
O, what songs of the heart
We shall sing in our beautiful home.

2 Though our rapture and bliss
There's no song can express;
We will shout, we will sing o'er and o'er,
As we great with a kiss,
And with joy we caress
All our loved ones that passed on before.
As we greet with a kiss,
In our rapture and bliss,
All our loved ones that passed on before.

3 O, the visions we'll see
In that home of the blest,
There's no words, there's no thoughts can impart;
But our rapture will be
All the soul can attest
In the heavenly songs of the heart.
But our rapture will be
In the visions we'll see
Best expressed in the songs of the heart.

4 O, what songs we'll employ!
O, what welcomes we'll hear!
While our transports of love are complete;
As the heart swells with joy
In embraces most dear,
When our heavenly Parents we meet.
As the heart swells with joy,

O, what songs we'll employ,
When our heavenly Parents we meet!
J. L. Townshend.

No. 17.

(Song Book Page 44.)

1 There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on ev'ry side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses bloom beneath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the world is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
O, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

No. 18.

(Song Book Page 77.)

1 Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
On this precious meeting day,
Idle thoughts are all forsaken—
Every seat is quietly taken—
Let each heart to God awaken,
While we sing and pray.

2 Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
Let us all unite in heart,
While the throne we're all addressing,
And our evil ways confessing,
Let us seek a heavenly blessing,
E'er we hence depart.

3 Gladly meeting, kindly greeting,
As each meeting shall return,
May our minds by study brighten—
May our aspirations heighten,
And may grace our souls enlighten,
While we strive to learn.

No. 19.

(Song Book Page 21.)

1 Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light.
He who was slain on Calvary,

Opens those pearly gates to me.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, Zion, city of our God.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light:
Beautiful angels clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Savior's feet.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, Zion, city of our God.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conq'rors show;
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet—
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, Zion, city of our God.

No. 20.

1 O happy homes among the hills,
Where flow a thousand crystal rills;
Surrounded by grand mountains high,
Whose snow-clad summits reach the sky,
My heart enraptur'd with the sight,
Cries to the heavens with delight,

CHORUS:

God bless and guard our mountain
home,
God bless our mountain home.

2 Fanned by the cool, soft mountain air,
The valleys teem with beauties rare;
And flowers deck the hills and plains,
Refreshed by Spring and Autumn rains;
Each nook contains a city fair,
Filled with warm hearts who breathe
the prayer,

3 May no intruding hostile band
E'er desecrate our beauteous land,
Nor war's alarms disturb the rest
And peace with which our homes are
blest;
While generations swell the throng
Of happy hearts to sing the song.

E. Stephens.

No. 21.

(Song Book Page 24.)

1 The day-dawn is breaking,
The world is awaking,
The clouds of night's darkness are flee-
ing away.
The world-wide commotion

From ocean to ocean
Now heralds the time of the beautiful
day.

CHORUS:

Beautiful day of peace and rest,
Bright be thy dawn from east to west;
Hail to thine earliest welcome ray,
Beautiful, bright millennial day.

2 In many a temple
The Saints will assemble,
And labor as saviors of dear ones away;
Then happy reunion,
And sweetest communion
We'll have with our friends in the
beautiful day.

3 Still let us be doing,
Our lessons reviewing,
Which God has revealed for our walk
in His way,
And then, wond'rous story,
The Lord in His glory
Will come in His power in the beauti-
ful day.

4 Then, pure and supernal,
Our friendship eternal,

With Jesus we'll live and His counsels obey;
Until every nation
Will join in salvation,
And worship the Lord of the beautiful day.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 22.

(8's, 7's & 4.)

1 Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah,
Guide us to the promised land.
We are weak, but Thou art able—
Hold us with Thy powerful hand.
Holy Spirit,
Feed us till the Savior comes.

2 Open, Jesus, Zion's fountains,
Let her richest blessings come,
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Guard us to this holy home.
Great Redeemer,
Bring, O, bring the welcome day!

3 When the earth begins to tremble,
Bid our fearful thoughts be still;
When Thy judgments spread destruction,
Keep us safe on Zion's hill
Singing anthems,
Songs of glory unto Thee.

No. 23.

(Song Book Page 107.)

1 Jesus, my Savior true,
Guide me to Thee;
Help me Thy will to do,
Guide me to Thee;
E'en in the darkest night,
As in the morning bright,
Be Thou my beacon-light,
Guide me to Thee.

2 Through this dark world of strife
Guide me to Thee;
Teach me a better life,
Guide me to Thee;
Let Thy redeeming power
Be with me every hour,
Be Thou my safety tower,
Guide me to Thee.

3 When strife and sin arise,
Guide me to Thee;
When tears bedim my eyes,
Guide me to Thee;
When hopes are crushed and dead,
When earthly joys are fled
Thy glory round me shed,
Guide me to Thee.

4 When silent death draws near,
Guide me to Thee;

Calm thou my trembling fear,
  Guide me to Thee;
Let me Thy mercy prove,
Let Thy enduring love
Guide me to heaven above,
  Guide me to Thee.

S. P. Huish.

No. 24.

(Song Book Page 112.)

1 Earth with her ten thousand flowers
Air with all its beams and showers.
Heaven's infinite expanse,
Sea's resplendent countenance,
All around and all above,
Bear this record—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred;
Sacred songs beneath, above,
Have one chorus—God is love.

3 All the hopes that sweetly start
From the fountain of the heart,
All the bliss that ever comes
To our earthly human homes,
All the voices from above
Sweetly whisper—God is love.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 25.

(Song Book Page 34.)

1 Hope of Israel, Zion's army,
Children of the promised day,
See the chieftain signals onward,
And the battle's in array.

CHORUS:

1 Hope of Israel, rise in might,
With the sword of truth and right;
Sound the war-cry--"Watch and Pray;"
Vanquish ev'ry foe to-day.

2 See the foe in countless numbers
Marshalled in the ranks of sin;
Hope of Israel, on to battle,
Now the victory we must win.

3 Strike for Zion, down with error,
Flash the sword above the foe;
Every stroke disarms a foeman,
Every step we conquering go.

4 Soon the battle will be over,
Every foe of truth be down;
Onward, onward, youth of Zion,
Thy reward the victor's crown.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 26.

(Song Book Page 71.)

1 As swiftly my days go out on the wing,
As onward my bark drifts over the sea,
O Father in heaven, this song will I sing:
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

CHORUS:

Rock of my refuge so sure;
Rock of my refuge so strong;
O hide me therein from danger and sin,
While here I am singing my song.

2 Dark sorrow may come with many a tear;
Stern trials in life my portion may be;
Yet, Father in heaven, this song will I sing:
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

3 Till angels of light my summons shall bring,
Till upward with joy my spirit shall flee,
O Father in heaven, this song will I sing:
The Rock of my refuge is Thee,
The Rock of my refuge is Thee.

No. 27.

(Song Book Page 68.)

1 We are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good or ill,
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill;
Seeds that sink in rich, brown furrows,
Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

2 Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.

3 Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teeming mould;
Seeds that live, and grow, and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold;
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife;
In our words, and looks, and actions
Lie the seeds of death and life.

4 Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone!
Bid Thine angels guard the furrows
Where the precious grain is sown;
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with mellow, ripened ears,
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seed we sowed in tears.

No. 28.

(P. M.)

1 Your sweet little rose-bud has left you
To bloom in a holier sphere;
He that gave it, in wisdom bereft you:
Then why should you cherish a tear?

2 Your babe in the grave is not sleeping,
She joined her dear sisters above;
The bright beings now have them in keeping
In mansions of beauty and love.

3 They're treasures you've laid up in heaven;
They're only removed out of sight;
To your bosom again they'll be given,
With fullness of joy and delight.

4 They've gone where life's ills cannot find them;

They're safe from each danger and
snare;
O how cruel the love that would bind
them
To years of affliction and care!

5 Look up and you'll find consolation
Which God by His Spirit will give;
And through faith, the rich manifesta-
tion:
Those gems, your sweet children, yet
live.

No. 29.

(Song Book Page 208.)

1 We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet.
To guide us in these latter days;
We thank Thee for sending the Gospel
To lighten our minds with its rays;
We thank Thee for every blessing
Bestowed by Thy bounteous hand;
We feel it a pleasure to serve Thee,
And love to obey Thy command.

2 When dark clouds of trouble hang o'er
us,
And threaten our peace to destroy,
There is hope smiling brightly before us,
And we know that deliv'rance is nigh;

We doubt not the Lord, nor His Goodness—
We've proved Him in days that are past;
The wicked who fight against Zion
Will surely be smitten at last.

3 We'll sing of His goodness and mercy;
We'll praise Him by day and by night,
Rejoice in His glorious Gospel,
And bask in its life-giving light;
Thus on to eternal perfection
The honest and faithful will go;
While they who reject this glad message
Shall never such happiness know.

W. Fowler.

No. 30.

(6-8's.)

1 Cease, ye fond parents, cease to weep,
Let grief no more your bosoms swell;
For what is death? 'Tis nature's sleep;
The trump of God will break its spell.
For He, whose arm is strong to save,
Arose in triumph o'er the grave.

2 Why should you sorrow? Death is sweet
To those that die in Jesus' love;

Though called to part you soon will
meet
In holier, happier climes above;
For all the faithful, Christ will save,
And crown with vict'ry o'er the grave.

3 There's consolation in the blow,
Although it crush a tender tie;
For while it lays its victims low,
Death opens to the worlds on high;
Celestial glories proudly wave
Above the confines of the grave.

4 Let heathen nations clothe the tread
Of death in faithless, hopeless gloom,
While vain imaginations spread
Terrific forms around the tomb;
For human science never gave
A light to shine beyond the grave.

5 But where the light, the glorious light
Of revelation freely flows,
Let reason, faith and hope unite
To hush our sorrows to repose.
Through faith in Him who died to save,
We'll shout hosannas o'er the grave.

No. 31.

(6's & 7's.)

1 Rest for the weary soul,
  Rest for the aching head,
Rest, on the hill-side, rest
  With the great uncounted dead.

2 Rest, for the battle's o'er,
  Rest, for the race is run,
Rest, where the gates are closed
  With each evening's setting sun.

3 Peace, where no strife intrudes,
  Peace, where no quarrels come,
Peace, for the end is there
  Of our wild life's busy hum.

4 Peace, the oppressed are free,
  Rest, oh, ye weary, rest;
For angels guard those well
  Who sleep on their mother's breast.

5 Peace, there is music's sound,
  Peace, till the rising sun
Of the resurrection morn
  Proclaim's life's victory won.

No. 32.

(L. M.)

1 He died! the Great Redeemer died,
  And Israel's daughters wept around;
A solemn darkness veiled the sky,
  A sudden trembling shook the ground.

2 Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory died for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we heard!
Jesus, though dead, revived again.

4 The rising Lord forsook the tomb,
In vain the tomb forbade Him rise;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

5 Wipe off your tears, ye Saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how He triumphed over hell,
And how He'll bind your foe in chains.

6 Say, live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

No. 33.

(Song Book Page 212.)

1 O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face!
In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near Thy side?

2 For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth;
Yet ofttimes a secret something
Whispered, You're a stranger here;
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

3 I had learned to call Thee Father,
Through Thy Spirit from on high,
But, until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

4 When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,

Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal court on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

E. R. Snow.

No. 34.

(7's.)

1 Jesus, once of humble birth,
Now in glory comes to earth;
Once He suffered grief and pain,
Now He comes on earth to reign.

2 Once a meek and lowly Lamb,
Now the Lord, the great I AM;
Once upon the cross He bowed,
Now His chariot is the cloud.

3 Once He groaned in blood and tears,
Now in glory He appears;
Once rejected by His own,
Now their King He shall be known.

4 Once forsaken, left alone,
Now exalted to a throne;
Once all things He meekly bore,
But He now will bear no more.

No. 35.

(4-6's & 2-8's.)

1 All hail the glorious day,
By prophets long foretold,
When, with harmonious lay,
The sheep of Israel's fold
On Zion's hill His praise proclaim,
And shout Hosanna to His name.

2 When Israel from afar
And Judah scattered wide
Shall to their land repair
And there in peace abide,
Directed by Jehovah's hand,
Shall dwell in peace in Zion's land.

3 From Zion's heavenly mount
Shall healing waters flow,
And near this holy fount
Will trees immortal grow,
Whose heavenly balm the kingdoms feel
Whose leaves will all the nations heal.

4 Jerusalem shall be
Our great Redeemer's throne,
O'er all the earth and sea,
His glory be made known,
Nations and kings Messiah greet,
And lay their honors at His feet.

5 Strike, strike the golden lyre,
And ye, His angels, sing,
Let joy your bosoms fire,
And heaven with glory ring;
From earth, and air, and sea, and skies,
Let our Redeemer's praise arise.

No. 36.

(4-6's & 2-8's.)

1 High on the mountain top
A banner is unfurled,
Ye nations now look up,
It waves to all the world
In Deseret's sweet, peaceful land;
On Zion's mount behold it stand!

2 For God remembers still
His promise made of old,
That He on Zion's hill
Truth's standard would unfold!
Her light should there attract the gaze
Of all the world in latter days.

3 His house shall there be reared,
His glory to display;
And people shall be heard
In distant lands to say,
We'll now go up and serve the Lord,
Obey His truth, and learn His word.

4 For there we shall be taught
The law that will go forth,
With truth and wisdom fraught,
To govern all the earth;
Forever there His ways we'll tread,
And save ourselves with all our dead.

5 Then hail to Deseret,
A refuge for the good,
And safety for the great,
If they but understood
That God with plagues will shake the world
Till all its thrones shall down be hurled.

6 In Deseret doth truth
Rear up its royal head;
Though nations may oppose,
Still wider it shall spread;
Yes, truth and justice, love and grace,
In Deseret find ample place.

No. 37.

(Song Book Page 206.)

1 O say what is truth? 'Tis the fairest gem
That the riches of worlds can produce;
And priceless the value of truth will be when
The proud monarch's costliest diadem
Is counted but dross and refuse.

2 Yes, say what is truth? 'Tis the brightest prize
To which mortals or Gods can aspire;
Go search in the depths where it glittering lies,
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies,
'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.

3 The sceptre may fall from the despot's grasp
When with winds of stern justice he copes,
But the pillar of truth will endure to the last,
And its firm-rooted bulwarks outstand the rude blast,
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.

4 Then say what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first,
For the limits of time it steps o'er;
Though the heavens depart, and the earth's fountains burst,
Truth, the sum of existence, will weather the worst,
Eternal, unchanged, evermore.

J. Jaques.

No. 38.

(Song Book Page 214.)

1 Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation;
No longer as strangers on earth need we roam,
Good tidings are sounding to us and each nation,
And shortly the hour of redemption will come,
When all that was promised the Saints will be given
And none will molest them from morn until even,
And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Jesus will say to all Israel, Come home.

2 We'll love one another, and never dissemble,
But cease to do evil, and ever be one;
And while the ungodly are fearing, and tremble,
We'll watch for the day when the Savior will come,
When all that was promised the Saints will be given,
And none will molest them from morn until even,

And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Jesus will say to all Israel, Come home.

3 In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jehovah
To guide through these last days of trouble and gloom,
And, after the scourges and harvest are over,
We'll rise with the just when the Savior doth come.
Then all that was promised the Saints will be given,
And they will be crowned as the angels of heaven,
And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
And Christ and His people will ever be one.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 39.
(11's.)

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with Saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,

And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at
home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my
home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children
of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love
can not cease,
Though oft from Thy presence in sad-
ness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion
with Thee;
Though now my temptations like bil-
lows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with
Thee at home.

4 While here in this valley of conflict I
stay,
O, give me submission and strength as
my day,
In all my afflictions to Thee would I
come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face,
Indulge me with patience to wait at the throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in Thy fair image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

No. 40.

(Song Book Page 204.)

1 The time is far spent—there is little remaining
To publish glad tidings by sea and by land;
Then hasten ye heralds! go forward proclaiming—
Repent, for the kingdom of heaven's at hand.

2 Shrink not from your duty, however unpleasant,
But follow the Savior, your pattern and friend;

Our little afflictions, though painful at present,
Ere long, with the righteous in glory will end.

3 What though, if the favor of Ahman possessing,
This world's bitter hate you are called to endure—
The angels are waiting to crown you with blessings;
Go, brethren! be faithful, the promise is sure.

4 Be fixed in your purpose, for Satan will try you;
The weight of your calling he perfectly knows;
Your path may be thorny, but Jesus is nigh you;
His arm is sufficient though demons oppose.

E. R. Snow.

No. 41.

(11's.)

1 Ye Elders of Israel, come join now with me,
And search out the righteous, wherever they be,

In desert or mountain, or land or the sea,
And bring them from Babel to Zion so free.

O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell;
We go to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell.

2 The harvest is great and the laborers are few,
But if we're united, we all things can do;
We'll gather the wheat from the midst of the tares,
And bring them from bondage, deep sorrows and snares.

O Babylon, etc.

3 We'll go to the poor, like our Captain of old,
And visit the weary, the hungry and cold;
We'll heal all their wounds, and we'll dry up their tears,
And lead them to Zion to spend future years.

O Babylon, etc.

4 We'll visit the feeble, the halt, dumb and blind,

And preach them the Gospel of Jesus so kind;
We'll cheer up their hearts with the news that He bore,
And point them to Zion for life evermore.

O Babylon, etc.

5 And when we have finished the work we've begun,
The Priesthood in Zion shall say, "'Tis well done,"
With friends, wives and children, how happy we'll be,
And shout, when the trumpet sounds, "Zion is free!"

O Babylon, etc.

No. 42.

(Song Book Page 197.)

1 How firm a foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said—
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,

In poverty's vale or abounding in
wealth.
At home or abroad, on the land or the
sea,
As thy days may demand so thy succor
shall be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee; O, be not
dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give
thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous omnipotent
hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee
o'erflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles
to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
tress.

5 When through fiery trials thy path-
way shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy
supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only
design

Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs shall they still in My bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

Kirkham.

No. 43.

(8's & 7's.)

1 What was witnessed in the heavens?
Why, an angel, earthward bound,
Had he something with him bringing?
Yes—the Gospel—joyful sound!
It was to be preached in power
On the earth, the angel said,
To all men, all tongues and nations
That upon its face are spread.

2 Had we not before the Gospel?
Yes—had several taught by men.
Then what is this latter Gospel?
'Tis the first one come again.
This was preached by Paul and Peter,
And by Jesus Christ, the head;
This we latter Saints are preaching—
We their footsteps wish to tread.

3 Where so long has been the Gospel?
Did it never fall away?
What became of those neglected?
God is just, is all we say.
Seek no crop where 'twas not planted,
Nor a day where reigns the night;
Now the sunshine bright is beaming,
Let all creatures see aright.

No. 44.

(Song Book Page 188.)

1 Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive:
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! all is well!

2 Why should we mourn, or think our
lot is hard?
'Tis not so; all is right!
Why should we think to earn a great
reward,
If we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—
All is well! all is well!

3 We'll find the place which God for us
prepared,
Far away in the West;
Where none shall come to hurt, nor
make afraid:
There the Saints will be blessed,
We'll make the air with music ring—
Shout praises to our God and King:
Above the rest these words we'll tell—
All is well! all is well!

4 And should we die before our journey's
through,
Happy day! all is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow
too;
With the just we shall dwell.
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
O, how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well! all is well!

No. 45.

1 Land of the mountains high
Utah, we love thee!
Land of the sunny sky—
Utah, we love thee!
Bright on our banners blue,
Among her sisters true,
She proudly comes to view—
Utah, we love thee!

2 Columbia's newest star—
Utah, we love thee!
Thy lustre shines afar—
Utah, we love thee!
Far in the glorious west,
Throned on the mountain's crest,
In robes of statehood dressed—
Utah, we love thee!

3 Land of the pioneers—
Utah, we love thee!
Grow with the coming years—
Utah, we love thee!
With wealth and peace in store,
To fame and glory soar,
God-guarded evermore—
Utah, we love thee!

E. Stephens.

No. 46.

1 Dark are the night's drear shadows,
Long has the light departed,
Fair sun, haste arise,
All natures cries,
Make all the world glad hearted,
Make all the world glad hearted,
Now in eastern skies
See the dawn begins to rise,
Softly stealing through the azure
Purple morn comes o'er the hills,
Gently wakening drowsy nature,
Birds and bubbling rills.

2 Nature joins the king of welcome
As the day resumes his sway,
All the living world awakening
Join with rapture in the lay.
Birds in bowers,
Trees in flowers,
All proclaim the day.
Come, my brother, wait no longer,
Up, arouse thee with the day,
Duty calls ye, here and yonder,
Come, come, come, come, come, away,
Come, come, come, come, come, away.

E. Stephens.

No. 47.

(Song Book Page 99.)

1 Now to heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right.

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right,
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the great and good in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right,
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's good time succeeding,
God speed the right.

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right,
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right,
Truth our cause, what e'er delay it,

There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right.

W. G. Hickson.

No. 48.

(Song Book Page 22.)

1 How great the wisdom and the love,
That filled the courts on high,
And sent the Savior from above
To suffer, bleed and die!

2 His precious blood He freely spilt—
His life He freely gave:
A sinless sacrifice for guilt,
A dying world to save.

3 Through strict obedience Jesus won
The prize with glory rife:
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done,"
Adorned His mortal life.

4 He mark'd the path and led the way,
And every point defines,
To light and life and endless day,
Where God's full presence shines.

5 In mem'ry of the broken flesh,
We eat the broken bread;
And witness with the cup, afresh,
Our faith in Christ, our head.

E. R. Snow.

No. 49.

(Song Book Page 137.)

1 When Jesus shall come in His glory
Along with the angels so bright,
May I have my record before me,
As clear as the beautiful light.
Then quickly I'll be
Translated and free
To join in the beautiful throng;
And welcome my Lord,
My Savior adored,
My King whom I've worshiped so long

2 For this is the promise that's given—
I know that the promise is true:
My Savior will come here from heaven
And I His bright coming will view.
The clouds will unfold
In crimson and gold,
The canopy gorgeous become;
And Saints will arise
To meet in the skies,
And welcome their King to His home.

3 A heavenly chorus there ringing,
Shall welcome the Saints as they rise
And join in the rapturous singing,
While melody floats o'er the skies.
What greetings will be,
What glory I'll see!
My soul is ecstatic at this:

To know if I seek
To keep myself meek
I'll live and partake of this bliss.

4 O, then, let me live to be worthy
To meet my dear Savior and Lord!
To change from this body so earthy,
To one with divinity stored:
With Him I adore
To dwell evermore,
With sorrow and sighing unknown,
And there to behold
The beautiful fold
Of angels and Saints round His throne

J. L. Townshend.

No. 50.

(7's & 6's, D.)

1 Farewell, all earthly honors,
I bid you all adieu;
Farewell, all sinful pleasures,
I want no more of you.
I want my habitation
On that eternal soil,
Beyond the powers of Satan,
Where sin cannot defile.

2 I want my name engraven
Among the righteous ones,
Who worship God, the Father,
And wear a righteous crown.

For such eternal riches,
I'm willing to pass through
All needful tribulations,
And count them my just due.

3 I'm willing to be chastened,
And bear my daily cross;
I'm willing to be cleansed,
From every kind of dross.
I see a fiery furnace,
I feel its piercing flame;
The fruits of it are holy,
The gold will still remain.

4 All earthly tribulations
Are but a moment here;
Then, oh! if we prove faithful,
A righteous crown we'll wear.
We shall be counted holy,
And feed on angel's food,
Rejoicing in bright glory,
Before the throne of God.

5 There Christ Himself has promised
A mansion to prepare,
And all who serve Him truly,
The victor's wreath shall wear.
Bright crowns shall then be given
To all the ransomed throng,
And glory! glory! glory!
Shall be the conq'ror's song.

No. 51.

(Song Book Page 184.)

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathes partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

No. 52.

(6-7's.)

1 Hark! ye mortals. Hist! be still,
Voices from Cumorah's hill
Break the silence of the tomb,

Penetrate the dreadful gloom,
Gently whisper, all is well!
Now's the day of Israel!

2 Now the Gentile reign is o'er;
Darkness covers earth no more;
Now shall Zion rise and shine,
Fill the world with light divine;
Angels join—the tidings tell,
Now's the day of Israel!

3 Thrones shall totter, Babel fall,
Satan reign no more at all;
Saints shall gain the victory,
Truth prevail o'er land and sea,
Gentile tyrants sink to hell;
Now's the day of Israel!

4 Jesus now will come again,
Saints with Him shall rise and reign,
Heaven and earth in songs combine,
All the worlds in chorus join;
Every tongue the music swell,
Now's the day of Israel!

5 Ghastly death shall conquered be,
Zion reign, and Saints be free,
Priests and kings shall join in love,
Fill the worlds below, above,
Singing anthems—all is well!
Now's the day of Israel!

No. 53.

1 Blow gently, ye wild wind with frost
in your breath,
That smite the glad streams with the
chill hand of death,
When shrieking and fierce o'er the
mountains ye come,
Blow gently, I pray thee, on my loved
ones at home!
Thou ice-crowned King Winter, with
storms at thy side,
Thou white-breasted Snowdrift, the
stern monarch's bride,
While binding the sunshine and chilling
the air,
Be gentle in Utah, my loved ones are
there!

2 Fell Demon of Pain, with the merciless
eye,
Look not on my dwelling, pass hastily
by;
Thou wrinkle-browed Want, keep away
from my door,
That thy shadow may fall on my loved
ones no more.
Go, rosy-faced Laughter, on pinions of
light,
Take Health, thy companion, to share
in thy flight,
Diffuse through my rude cot a life-giv-
ing bloom,

And dimple the cheeks of my loved ones
at home.

3 Bright Angel of Gladness, so calm yet
so strong,
Sweet Spirit of Hope, as thou glidest
along
On thy mission of peace to the souls
who are tried,
Oh! rest for awhile where my loved
ones reside.
Bid Fear, Doubt, and Sadness for ever
depart,
And dry up the tear-drop that Mem'ry
may start,
Then point to the time when the
wand'rer shall come,
And press to his fond heart the loved
ones at home.

No. 54.

1 How can I bear to leave thee,
One parting kiss I give thee,
And then whate'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

2 Ne'er more can I behold thee,
Or to this heart enfold thee.
With spear and pennon glancing,

I see the foe advancing,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

3 I think of thee with longing,
Think thou when tears are thronging
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft while dying,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

No. 55.

(Song Book Page 12.)

1 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Ever I'm striving to be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
Trusting in Thee I confide,
Hoping, in Thee I abide—
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

2 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Proved by my trials I'll be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
Humbly I come to Thee now,
Earnest, I prayerfully bow—
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

3 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Ever my anthem will be,
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
Loving Thee, ever I pray,
Aid me Thy will to obey—
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

4 Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Let me by holiness be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
When all my trials are done,
When my reward I have won,
Take, O take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

J. L. Townshend.

No. 56.

(Song Book Page 13.)

1 Sweet Sabbath School, more dear to me
Than fairest palace dome,
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath home.

CHORUS:

Sabbath home, blessed home,
Sabbath home, blessed home,
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath home.

2 Here first my willful, wand'ring heart,
The way of life was shown;
Here first I sought the better part
And gained a Sabbath home.

3 Here Jesus stood with loving voice,
Entreating me to come,
And make of Him my only choice
In this last dear Sabbath home.

No. 57.

(Song Book Page 17.)

1 I'll serve the Lord while I am young,
And, in my early days,
Devote the music of my tongue
To my Redeemer's praise.
I'll praise His name that He has given
Me parentage and birth
Among the most beloved of heaven
That dwell upon the earth.

2 O, Lord, my parents here preserve,
To teach me righteousness,
That my young feet may never swerve
From paths of holiness;
And, like the faithful ones of old,
Who now behold Thy face,
May I be formed in virtue's mold
To fill a holy place.

3 While youth and beauty sweetly twine
Their garlands round my head,
I'll seek, at wisdom's sacred shrine,
The gems that never fade.
Long may I sing Thy praises here
Among Thy Saints below,
And in eternity appear
With them in glory too.

E. R. Snow.

No. 58.

(Song Book Page 18.)

1 O, tell me not of ease or fame,
Or all that Mammon's vot'ries claim;
I know their paltry worth;
But let me hear the voice of home,
Whether a palace, hut or dome:
There's naught so dear on earth.

2 Talk not to me of splendid halls—
Of sumptuous feasts, where folly calls
For fashion's ample fee;
But talk of home's most frugal treat,
Where love and pure affection meet
In plain simplicity.

3 Talk not of princely crowns to me,
Or proud imperial dignity,
Replete with slavish care,
But talk of home's unblazoned things,
Where virtue smiles and wisdom sings
Sweet sonnets, rich and fair.

4 Home! charming sound, unknown to fame,
Has more kind feelings in the name
Than all the studied lore
That stoic brains have ever thought,
Or stoic genius ever taught
To all the world before.

5 But yet, the home, the heavenly prize,
Which far beyond this scenery lies,
Is the rich boon I crave;
Though here a stranger I may roam;
My heart is fixed—I have a home,
Secure beyond the grave.

E. R. Snow.

No. 59.

(Song Book Page 28.)

1 When the rosy light of morning
Softly beams above the hill,
And the birds, sweet heavenly songsters,
Every dell with music fill,
Fresh from slumber we awaken,
Sunshine makes the heart so gay;
Nature breathes her sweetest fragrance
On the holy Sabbath day.

CHORUS:

Then away, haste away,
Come away to the Sunday School;
Then away, do not delay,
Come away to the Sunday School.

2 For a good and glorious purpose
Thus we meet each Sabbath day,
Each one striving for salvation
Through the Lord's appointed way.
Earnest toil will be rewarded,
Zealous hearts need not repine;
God will not withhold His blessings
From the eager, seeking mind.

3 Let us then press boldly onward,
Prove ourselves as soldiers true;
He will lead us, He will guide us,
Come, there's work for all to do.
Never tiring, never doubting,
Boldly struggling to the end,
In the world, though foes assail us,
God will surely be our friend.

R. B. Baird.

No. 60.

(Song Book Page 29.)

1 Lord, we ask Thee ere we part,
Bless the teachings of this day
Plant them deep in every heart,
That with us they'll ever stay.

2 In the innocence of youth
We would all Thy laws fulfill;
Lead us in the way of truth,
Give us strength to do Thy will.

3 Father, merciful and kind,
While we labor for the right,
May we in Thy service find
Sweetest pleasure, pure delight.

4 All our follies, Lord, forgive,
Keep us from temptations free;
Help us evermore to live
Lives of holiness to Thee.

George Manwaring.

No. 61.

(Song Book Page 35.)

1 We're marching on to glory,
We're working for our crown;
We'll make our armor brighter,
And never lay it down.

CHORUS:

We're marching, marching homeward,
To that bright land afar;
We work for life eternal,
It is our guiding star.

2 Then day by day we're marching,
To heaven we are bound;
Each good act brings us nearer
That home where we'll be crowned.

3 Then with the ransom'd children
That throng the starry throne,
We'll praise our Lord and Savior,
His pow'r and mercy own.

J. M. Chamberlain.

No. 62.

(Song Book Page 36.)

1 Hark! listen to the trumpeters!
They sound for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flowery mount
Behold the officers.
Their horses white, and armor bright
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Zion's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame
A soldier brave to be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
We want no cowards in our bands,
Who will our colors fly;
We call for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear!
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.
They follow their Great General,
The great Eternal Lamb—
His garments stained in His own blood—
King Jesus is His name.

4 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh:
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth and sky.
In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire;
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heavenly choir.

No. 63.

(Song Book Page 37.)

1 Haste to Sunday School,
Come, come, come,
Why will you waiting stand?
Come join our Union band,
Gladly we'll take your hand,
Come, come, come;
Here we have teachers kind,
And we shall surely find
Much to improve the mind,
Come, come, come.

2 Haste to the Sunday School,
Come, come, come;
Here we with one accord
All meet to praise the Lord,
And learn His holy word,
Come, come, come.
Oh, do not hesitate!
Come, ere it be too late,
March on to heaven's gate,
Come, come, come.

3 Haste to the Sunday School,
Come, come, come;
Here we will learn the laws,
Of God's most holy cause,
Then do not longer pause,
Come, come, come.
Why will you waiting stand?
Come, join our Union band,
Gladly we'll take your hand,
Come, come, come.

W. G. Bickley.

No. 64.

(Song Book Page 40.)

1 Merry, merry children, sweetly sing
Of the happy days that the seasons bring:
Each in its robe doth gaily appear,
The hearts of the children to comfort and cheer.

CHORUS:

Merry, merry children, sweetly sing,
Of the happy days that the seasons bring.

2 Merry, merry children, gently pray
That the happy times which are passing away,
Long in your lives may linger and shine,
As gems of bright lustre and radiance divine.

3 Merry, merry children, soon the spring
With her pretty buds and her birds that sing,
Clad now in bloom, must change her array
And then she will grow into bright summer day.

4 Merry, merry children, summer's heat
Follows ever after the spring so sweet;
Autumn with sheaves of bright yellow grain
Doth herald the coming of winter again.

C. W. Stayner.

No. 65.

(Song Book Page 43.)

1 Little Children, love the Savior,
Learn to do His holy will;
He is whisp'ring to you ever,
Sacred duties to fulfill.
Jesus said, Love one another,
And forgive each other, too,
Then, as sister, or as brother,
Let us wisdom's course pursue.

2 Meek and humble like the Master,
To the Father we will pray,
That our footsteps may not falter
In the straight and narrow way.

We are learning to be useful,
In life's lessons day by day;
Honest, upright, gentle, truthful,
Treading wisdom's pleasant way.

3 Honor father, honor mother;
These are precepts Jesus taught;
And with kindness to each other,
May our actions all be fraught.
We must seek for heav'nly favor,
In the path our Savior trod;
Bravely wrestle with endeavor,
Holding fast the "iron rod."

E. B. Wells.

No. 66.

(Song Book Page 49.)

1 In remembrance of Thy suffering,
Lord, these emblems we partake,
When Thyself Thou gav'st an offering—
Dying for the sinner's sake.
We've forgiven as Thou biddest
All who've trespassed against us,
Lord, forgive as we've forgiven
All Thou see'st amiss in us.

2 Purify our hearts, our Savior,
Let us go not far astray,
That we may be counted worthy
Of Thy Spirit, day by day.
When temptations are before us,

Give us strength to overcome;
Always guard us in our wanderings,
Till we leave our earthly home.

3 When Thou comest in Thy glory
To this earth to rule and reign,
And with faithful ones partakest
Of the bread and wine again,
May we be among the number
Worthy to surround the board,
And partake anew the emblems
Of the sufferings of our Lord.

E. Stephens.

No. 67.

(Song Book Page 50.)

1 As children of Zion our voices we'll raise
In songs of rejoicing, thanksgiving and praise;
We're happy and free
As mortals can be,
And Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

2 In song shall our Father and God be adored,
For He hath in mercy the gospel restored;
And we in our youth,
Can vouch for its truth,

For Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

3 We hope to prove faithful to God and
His laws,
And aid the advancement of Zion's
great cause;
For therein is joy,
Which none can destroy;
Thus Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

4 All praise to our Father, His Priest-
hood and power,
And thanks for His blessings He on us
doth shower:
Whereby we progress,
As onward we press,
While Zion, Zion, Zion is growing,
Zion, Zion, Zion is growing.

H. Maiben.

No. 68.

(Song Book Page 53.)

1 Give us room that we may dwell,
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers how they swell—
How they gather like a cloud!

2 O! how bright the morning seems—
Brighter from so dark a night;

Zion is, like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight!

3 Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo, thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give Thy sons and daughters room.

No. 69.

(Song Book Page 56.)

1 I'll be a little "Mormon,"
And seek to know the ways
That God has taught His people
In these the latter days.
I know that He has blest me
With mercies rich and kind,
And I will strive to serve Him
With all my might and mind.

2 By sacred revelation,
Which He to us has given,
He tells us how to follow
The ancient Saints to heav'n.
Though I am young and little,
I, too, may learn forthwith
To love the precious gospel
Revealed to Joseph Smith.

3 With Jesus for the standard,
A sure and perfect guide,
And Joseph's wise example,

What can I need beside?
I'll strive from every evil
To keep my heart and tongue—
I'll be a little "Mormon,"
And follow Brigham Young.

L. G. Richards.

No. 70.

(Song Book Page 57.)

1 We are watchers, earnest watchers,
For the coming better day,
By prophets oft foreshadowed
'Mid old Israel far away;
Their beacon fires were lighted by
The true, the living flame,
God's Spirit prompted ev'ry one
The future to proclaim.

CHORUS:

We are workers, earnest workers,
And 'tis in a cause we love,
Onward, upward is our movement,
For 'tis led by God above.

2 We are working, bravely working,
That the truth we may declare,
As many bands, yet one in heart,
We try to do and dare;
And heaven hath blessed our efforts—
Here o'er all this favored land
That union is the key-note,
Struck by each unflinching hand.

3 We are looking, calmly looking,
For a glorious future near,
For triumph and the victor's wreath,
For each brave worker here.
Our God is ruling over all,
His priesthood points the way,
And Sabbath Schools in union move,
To greet the coming day.

H. W. Naisbitt.

No. 71.

(Song Book Page 59.)

1 Little ones, the Savior loves you;
For He died that you might live;
Would you feel that He approves you?
Heed the words His servants give.
Come to Sabbath School each Sunday,
Come with wise and pure intent,
And remember 'tis the one day
Saints may take the sacrament.

2 If you've hurt a little brother,
Or to sister been unkind,
Crossed your father or your mother,
Failing their good words to mind—
If you feel yourself offended
Rest not with a wrong content;
All such things should be amended
Ere you take the sacrament.

3 While you eat and drink, 'tis fitness
In your little hearts to pray;
For this token is a witness
That you will the Lord obey;
Pray to Him, and He will hear you
And His Spirit will be lent,
And good angels will be near you
While you take the sacrament.

4 Little children, love the Savior!
For He died that you might live;
Lay aside all rude behavior,
And He will your faults forgive;
Fear no harsh, unkindly sentence,
Mercy sweet from heav'n is sent;
Come with faith and true repentance
And partake the sacrament.

L. G. Richards.

No. 72.

(Song Book Page 60.)

1 When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior above?
When shall we behold Thy face?
When shall we greet Thee with tokens of love,
In that happy, holy place?
When we have finished our mission below,
When on earth we no more roam,

Wilt thou approve of our work when
we go
To our glorious future home?

CHORUS:

When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior,
above?
When shall we behold Thy face?
When shall we greet Thee with tokens
of love,
In that happy, holy place?

When shall we meet Thee, our Savior
and Lord?
When shall we Thy glory see?
When shall we go to obtain our reward,
And in heaven be crowned with Thee?
When Thou wilt come in Thy glory and
might,
Over all the earth to reign,
May we be holy and pure in Thy sight,
And Thy approbation gain.

When shall we meet Thee, Redeemer
and Friend?
When shall we in heaven abide?
When shall the just to Thy mansions
ascend,
Where our God and Thee reside?
When all our labors on earth are com-
plete,

When our mortal life is o'er,
When we have gone where our recor
we'll meet,
On that bright eternal shore.

CHORUS:

Then we shall meet Thee, dear Savio
above,
Then will we behold Thy face;
Then we shall greet Thee with token
of love,
In that happy, holy place.

E. F. Parry.

No. 73.

(Song Book Page 63.)

1 That the Lord will provide,
Is a promise that's giv'n;
Ye faithful and true,
'Tis a promise to you!
So in meekness confide,
And look upward to heav'n;
The Lord is our Father,
The Lord will provide.

2 How the Lord will provide
From the store-house of heaven,
We know not alway,
Yet to Him will we pray;
For we're never denied,

When in poverty driven,
We ask for our Father,
The Lord, to provide.

3 What the Lord will provide
When He aids us from heaven,
Not always we know;
When in poverty low
He has often supplied,
When we bravely have striven.
In wisdom our Father,
The Lord, will provide.

4 When the Lord will provide
From His store-house in heaven,
Just when He will aid,
He has never yet said;
Often soon He's complied,
And oft waited and proven,
But always our Father,
The Lord, will provide.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 74.

(Song Book Page 66.)

1 Nay, speak no ill, a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And O, to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown

By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For, if but little good is known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

2 Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it please the human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No, let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

3 Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own,
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span
Then, O, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

No. 75.

(Song Book Page 73.)

1 Let us treat each other kindly,
We are friends united here;
Not in ignorance, nor blindly,
But by sacred ties most dear,
Love will own no cold suspicion,
Golden sunshine it imparts,

And its holy, pure ambition
Is to cheer and gladden hearts.

CHORUS:

Let us treat each other kindly,
We are friends united here,
Not in ignorance, nor blindly,
But by sacred ties most dear.

Let us truly trust each other,
We are only mortals weak,
Oft in need of friend or brother,
Gen'rously to act or speak.
Pass not silently and coldly,
O'er a wrong we might amend,
But speak earnestly and boldly,
Truth and justice to defend.

Charity's fair beacon lifted,
Scatter rays of light for all—
Erring, weak, or good and gifted,
High or lowly, great or small;
Let us also strive completely,
Hasty judgments to withdraw;
Let us trust each other sweetly,
And let love fulfill its law.

L. G. Richards.

No. 76.

(Song Book Page 75.)

1 O, Thou kind and gracious Father,
Reigning in the heavens above,
Look on us, Thy humble children,
Fill us with Thy holy love.

2 We have met this Sabbath morning;
Words of life and truth to hear;
Teach us how to ever serve Thee
And Thy holy name revere.

3 Help us to resist temptation,
Help us to refrain from ill,
Help us all to gain salvation,
Help us all to do Thy will.

C. Denney.

No. 77.

(Song Book Page 78.)

1 Should the changes of life, like the tide's ebb and flow,
Be ceaseless and varied in form,
And the frail bark of life in a moment forego
Its reckoning amidst the dark storm,
Stand firm to the helm and close furl each sail,
While the tempest sweeps over the main;

There is hope in the wind, though destructive the gale,
'Twill calm and we'll try it again, again.

2 There was never a valley but hill-tops appear—
Nor storm that's not spent to a calm;
Nor pain without pleasure, a hope without fear,
Nor wound but has always a balm!
When clouds of adversity gather around,
And our friends turns their backs in disdain,
Though the world should conspire all our hopes to confound,
Let's up and go try it again, again!

3 All the fears of sad parting, the pangs of regret,
The sighs of fond hope, or dull care,
Are but feelings implanted to make us respect
The death sting of hopeless despair!
The tear drop of sorrow may darken the eye,
Like the sunbeam obscured by the rain,

But the clouds will disperse over
hope's gloomy sky,
And cheer up our prospects again,
again!

John Lyon.

No. 78.

(Song Book Page 79.)

1 I'll strive while young to tune my voice,
To songs of praise and love,
The theme, of which I'll make a choice,
Shall be my God above.

2 He gives His children here below
A thousand blessings rare,
Each passing day and hour doth show
His loving, tender care.

3 He loves each little, harmless child,
The poor and lowly heart;
And e'en the soul with sin defiled,
Repenting, hath a part.

4 O, Father, good and full of grace,
Tune Thou my heart and voice,
That I may ever chant Thy praise,
And in Thy love rejoice.

E. Stephens.

No. 79.

(Song Book Page 80.)

1 Come ye children of the Lord,
Let us sing with one accord;
Let us raise a joyful strain,
To our Lord, who soon will reign
On this earth, when it shall be
Cleansed from all iniquity;
When all men from sin will cease,
And will live in love and peace.

2 Oh! how joyful it will be,
When our Savior we shall see;
When in splendor He'll descend;
Then all wickedness will end.
Oh! what songs we then will sing
To our Savior, Lord and King;
Oh! what love will then bear sway,
When our fears shall flee away!

3 All arrayed in spotless white,
We will dwell 'mid truth and light;
We will sing the songs of praise,
We will shout in joyful lays,
Earth shall then be cleansed from sin;
Every living thing therein
Shall in love and beauty dwell;
Then with joy each heart will swell.

Jas. H. Wallis.

No. 80.

(Song Book Page 83.)

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing—
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truths at night.

2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine—
How deep Thy councils—how divine!

3 But oh, what triumph shall I raise
To Thy dear name, through endless days,
When in the realms of joy I see
Thy face in full felicity.

4 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired and wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Watts.

No. 81.

(Song Book Page 84.)

1 Welcome, welcome, Sabbath morning,
Now we rest from ev'ry care;

Welcome, welcome is thy dawning,
Holy Sabbath, day of prayer,
Loving teachers kindly greet us
As we meet in Sunday School,
Where they labor hard to teach us
By the Savior's golden rule.

CHORUS:

Welcome, welcome, Sabbath morning,
Now we rest from ev'ry care;
Welcome, welcome is thy dawning,
Holy Sabbath, day of prayer.

2 Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing—
Hear the echoes all around;
List! the merry children singing!
What a pleasing, joyful sound!
Ev'ry tender note entreats us,
Bids us come, nor longer stay;
On our way the music meets us—
Hasten, hasten, come away.

3 Here we bow in meek devotion,
Here we sing God's holy praise;
Here our hearts, with fond emotion,
Seek to learn His holy ways.
From the books of revelation
We are taught, while yet in youth,
Words of heavenly inspiration
Guide us in the path of truth.

4 Here we meet with friends and neighbors,
Parents, too, are in the throng;
We are earnest in our labors—
To God's kingdom we belong.
Trials make our faith grow stronger,
Truth is nobler than a crown,
We will brave the tempest longer,
Tho' the world upon us frown.

R. B. Baird.

No. 82.

(Song Book Page 88.)

1 While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

2 For us the blood of Christ was shed,
For us on Calvary's cross He bled,
And thus dispelled the awful gloom,
That else were this creation's doom.

3 The law was broken, Jesus died
That justice might be satisfied,
That man might not remain the slave
Of death, of hell, or of the grave.

4 But rise triumphant from the tomb,
And in eternal splendor bloom;

Freed from the power of death and pain,
With Christ, the Lord, to rule and reign.
John Nicholson.

No. 83.

(Song Book Page 94.)

1 We'll sing all hail to Jesus' name;
Honor and praise we give
To Him who bled on Calvary's hill,
And died that we might live.

2 He passed the portals of the grave,
Salvation was His song!
He called upon the sinbound soul
To join the heavenly throng.

3 The bread and wine do represent
His sacrifice for sin;
Ye Saints, partake and testify
Ye do remember Him.

4 The sacrament the soul inspires,
And calms the human breast;
Points to the time when faithful Saints
Shall enter into rest.
R. Alldridge.

No. 84.

(Song Book Page 100.)

1 Father, Thy children to Thee now raise
Glad, grateful songs for Thy love and grace—
For Thy protecting and watchful care
Over Thy Saints dwelling far and near;
Grateful to Thee for the Gospel light,
Which with its truth fills us with delight,
Glad that we've chosen the better part,
Songs of delight fill each grateful heart.

2 Thankful to Thee that a pilgrim band
Brought us to dwell in this favored land;
Led o'er the deserts and plains by Thee,
Here to a land of true liberty.
Thankful to Thee for the mountains high,
The freshening breeze and the clear, blue sky;
And for the fields covered o'er with corn,
Which now our loved mountain vales adorn.

3 Oh, may our songs to Thy courts ascend,
Pleasing to Thee may our voices blend;
Lead us as Thou hast the faithful led,
Feed us with knowledge and daily bread;
Let us not stray from the paths of truth—
Forgive the folly and faults of youth,
Father, accept Thou the songs of praise
Which from our hearts unto Thee we raise.

E. Stephens.

No. 85.

(Round for four voices.)

(Song Book Page 102.)

1 Hark! the pretty birds are singing,
On the tree their sweet song,
And the merry bells are ringing,
Ding, dong, bell, dong, ding, dong.

No. 86.

(Song Book Page 105.)

1 Lord, accept our true devotion,
Let Thy Spirit whisper peace;
Swell our hearts with fond emotion,
And our joy in Thee increase.

Never leave us, never leave us,
Help us, Lord, to win the race.

2 Aid us all to do Thy bidding,
And our daily wants supply,
Give Thy Holy Spirit's guiding,
Till we reach the goal on high,
Ever guard us, ever guard us,
Till we gain the victory.

3 May we with the future dawning,
Day by day from sin be free,
That on resurrection morning
We may rise at peace with Thee;
Ever praising, ever praising,
Throughout all eternity.

R. Alldridge.

No. 87.

(Song Book Page 126.)

1 Hark, hark, hark to the classmates' song!
List, list, list to the classmates' song
Strong in the fight for truth;
Full in the hope of youth,
Now joyous strains we prolong.
Hoping, trusting, striving, battling on
Resting not until our work is done
Looking upward, marching, pressing forward,
Till the fight is nobly won.

CHORUS:

Hold the faith, keep the truth, this our
song shall be;
Strong and brave, firm and true, scorn
to flinch or flee;
Whoe'er assail, right will prevail,
This our theme, our constant song
shall be.

2 Shout, shout, shout till the echoes ring;
Shout, shout, shout forth the songs we
sing!
Firm in the ranks we stand,
United heart and hand,
Sweet notes of love and joy we bring.
Striving for the side of truth alone.
Living for the righteous cause we
own;
Surely treading onward, firm advancing,
Till our labor here is done.

H. G. Whitney.

No. 88.

(Song Book Page 127.)

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee—
Thou shalt triumph in His might.
Kelly.

No. 89.

(Song Book Page 128.)

1 We are all enlisted 'till the conflict is o'er—
Happy are we! Happy are we!
Soldiers in the army, there's a bright crown in store:
We shall win and wear it by and by.
Haste to the battle, quick to the field,
Truth is our helmet, buckler and shield.
Stand by our colors—proudly they wave—
We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.

CHORUS:

We are all enlisted 'till the conflict is o'er—
Happy are we! Happy are we!
Soldiers in the army, there's a bright crown in store:
We shall win and wear it by and by.

2 Hark! the cry of battle sounding loudly and clear—
Come join the ranks! Come join the ranks!
We are waiting now for soldiers—who'll volunteer?
Rally 'round the standard of the cross.
Hark! 'tis our Captain calls you today:
Lose not a moment, make no delay!
Fight for our Savior, come, come away!
We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.

3 Fighting for a kingdom, and the world is our foe—
Happy are we! Happy are we!
Glad to join the army, we will sing as we go;
We shall gain the victory by and by.
Dangers may gather—why should we fear!

Jesus our leader ever is near.
He will protect us, comfort and cheer
We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our
home.

W. B. Bradbury.

No. 90.

(Song Book Page 132.)

1 I have work enough to do
Ere the sun goes down,
For myself and kindred too,
Ere the sun goes down;
Ev'ry idle whisper stilling,
With a purpose firm and willing,
All my daily tasks fulfilling
Ere the sun goes down.

CHORUS:
Ere the sun goes down,
Ere the sun goes down,
I must do my daily duty
Ere the sun goes down.

2 I must speak the loving word
Ere the sun goes down,
I must let my voice be heard
Ere the sun goes down;
Ev'ry cry of pity heeding,
For the injured interceding,
To the light the lost ones leading,
Ere the sun goes down.

3 As I journey on my way
Ere the sun goes down,
God's commands I must obey
Ere the sun goes down;
There are sins that need confessing,
There are wrongs that need redressing,
If I would obtain the blessing,
Ere the sun goes down.

Josephine Pollard.

No. 91.

(Song Book Page 135.)

1 Far, far away on Judea's plains,
Shepherds of old heard the joyous strains;
Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, good will to men!

2 Sweet are the strains of redeeming love,
Message of mercy from heaven above;
Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, good will to men!

3 Lord, with the angels we too would rejoice,
Help us to sing with the heart and voice;
Glory to God, Glory to God,

Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, good will to men!

4 Hasten the time when from every clime,
Men shall unite in the strains sublime:
Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, good will to men!

J. McFarlane.

No. 92.

(Song Book Page 143.)

1 With hearts sincere, we now meet here,
Our voices sweetly blending
In strains of love to God above,
For mercies never ending.

CHORUS:

Holy, holy, holy, great and mighty King of Zion.
We'll join in song,
Both sweet and strong,
And praise the King of Zion.

2 Our song shall be, this Jubilee,
God bless the youth of Zion;
And haste the day His Priesthood may
Our needed help rely on.

3 Our Sunday Schools, where golden rules
From books of inspiration,
Prepare the youth to preach the truth
To each benighted nation.

4 A nurs'ry may they never be
For Zion's future teachers,
A noble band at God's command—
A band of earnest preachers.

J. K. Hall.

No. 93.

(Song Book Page 145.)

1 O, thou Rock of our salvation,
Jesus, Savior of the world,
In our poor and lowly station
We Thy banner have unfurled.

CHORUS:

Gather round the standard bearer,
Gather round in strength of youth;
Every day the prospect's fairer,
While we're battling for the truth.

2 We a war 'gainst sin are waging,
We're contending for the right,
Every day the battle's raging,
Help us, Lord, to win the fight.

3 Onward, onward, we'll be singing,
As we're marching firm and true,
Each succeeding battle ringing
Earnest of what we can do.

4 When for all that we've contended,
When the fight of faith we've won;
When the strife and battle's ended
And our labor here is done.

CHORUS:

Then, O, Rock of our salvation,
Jesus, Savior of the world,
Take us from our lowly station,
Let our flag with Thee be furled.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 94.

(Song Book Page 108.)

1 Let us oft speak kind words to each other,
At home or where'er we may be;
Like the warbling of birds on the heather,
The tones will be welcome and free;
They'll gladden the heart that's repining,
Give courage and hope from above,
And where the dark clouds hide the shining,
Let in the bright sunlight of love.

CHORUS:

O, the kind words we give shall in memory live,
And sunshine forever impart;
Let us oft speak kind words to each other,
Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.

2 Like the sunbeams of morn on the mountains,
The soul they awake to good cheer:
Like the murmur of cool, pleasant fountains,
They fall in sweet cadences near;
Let's oft, then, in kindly-toned voices,
Our mutual friendship renew,
Till heart meets with heart and rejoices
In friendship that ever is true.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 95.

(Song Book Page 110.)

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Chose thee for His own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose!
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!

4 Fading are all worldly treasures,
With their boasted pomp and show;
Heavenly joys and lasting pleasures,
None but Zion's children know.
Newton.

No. 96.

(Song Book Page 115.)

1 Farewell, our friends and brethren,
Here take the parting hand;
We go to preach the gospel
In every foreign land.
Farewell, our wives and children,
Who render life so sweet;
Dry up your tears—be faithful
Till we again shall meet.

2 Farewell, ye scenes of childhood,
And fancies of our youth;
We go to combat error
With everlasting truth.

Farewell, all carnal pleasures,
Which guild the scenes of mirth;
Your days are surely numbered
To trouble man on earth.

3 Farewell, farewell our country;
Our home is now abroad,
To labor in the vineyard,
In righteousness for God.
The gallant ships are ready
To bear us o'er the sea,
To gather up the blessed,
That Zion may be free.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 97.

(Song Book Page 117.)

1 In that bright and holy city,
In our mansions far above,
We shall dwell in sweet communion,
For our Ruler, God, is love.
In that city bright and fair,
O, what pleasures we will share!
Love all around.

CHORUS:

O, let love abound here too.
Keep this holy thought in view,
Let love abound.

2 Not by strife with one another
Can we onward, upward move,
But by charity most holy
Do we live this life of love;
Loving all companions here,
Holding all as kindred dear,
Love all around.

3 Hopeful, cheerful, kind and loving,
Smiling often as we meet,
O, what joy will be our portion!
Life with loving acts replete;
This is what the soul desires,
This is what the Lord requires—
Love all around.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 98.

(Song Book Page 120.)

1 Oft, when loved ones called to leave us,
Pass to shining scenes beyond,
Questions, why they thus bereave us,
Plunge us into dark despond.

2 But with words most true and tender
Some one whispers at our side,
"Service he has gone to render,
Wanted on the other side!"

3 Wanted? Yes, to preach salvation!
Visit friends long passed away,

Father, mother, dear relation,
Longer here he could not stay!

4 While we mourn, their welcomes greet him,
Hail to one so nobly born!
With what joy they flock to met him,
He for whom we mortals mourn!

5 Cease your sobs! Oh, cease your weeping,
In your Savior now confide;
He is in the Lord's safe keeping;
Wanted on the other side!

C. W. Stayner.

No. 99.

(Song Book Page 121.)

1 The Lord is my light—then why should I fear?
By day and by night His presence is near;
He is my salvation from sorrow and sin,
This blessed assurance the Spirit doth bring.

CHORUS:

The Lord is my light,
He is my joy and my song.

By day and by night
He leads, He leads me along.

2 The Lord is my light; though clouds may arise,
Faith, stronger than sight, looks up thro' the skies,
Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign—
Then how can I ever in darkness remain?

3 The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength,
I know in His might I'll conquer at length;
My weakness in mercy He covers with power,
And walking by faith I am blest ev'ry hour.

4 The Lord is my light, my all and in all;
There is in His sight no darkness at all;
He is my Redeemer, my Savior and King—
With saints and with angels His praises I'll sing.

James Nicholson.

No. 100.

(Song Book Page 122.)

1 Kind friends, as here I stand to sing,
So very queer I feel,
That now I've made my bow,
I fear I don't look quite genteel;
But never mind, for I'm a boy
That's always full of joy—
A rough and ready sort of chap—
An honest "Mormon" boy.

CHORUS:

A "Morman" boy, a "Mormon" boy.
I am a "Mormon" boy,
I might be envied by a king,
For I am a "Mormon" boy.

2 I'm proud to know that I was born
Among these mountains high,
Where I've been taught to love the truth,
And scorn to tell a lie;
Yet I'll confess that I am wild,
And often do annoy
My dearest friends, but that's a fault
Of many a "Mormon" boy.

3 My father is a "Mormon" true,
And when I am a man,
I want to be like him, and do

Just all the good I can.
My faults I'll try to overcome,
And while I life enjoy,
With pride I'll lift my head and say,
I am a "Mormon" boy.

E. Stephens.

No. 101.

(Song Book Page 124.)

1 Come along, come along, is the call that will win,
To lead us to virtue and keep us from sin;
Most men can be led, but few can be driv'n,
In shunning perdition and striving for heav'n.

CHORUS:

Come along, come along, is the call that will win,
In leading to virtue and keeping from sin.

2 Come to me, come to me, sweetly falls on the ear,
The word of the Lord, full of comfort and cheer,
To bind up the broken, the captive set free

In the good time that's coming, we
hope soon to see.

3 Let us govern by kindness and never
by force,
All cheering and bright like the sun in
its course;
Obedience will spring from each heart
with a bound,
And brotherhood flourish the wide
world around.

Wm. Willes.

No. 102.

(Song Book Page 148.)

1 Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shall be;
Thy commission we rely on;
We will follow none but Thee.

2 As an emblem of Thy passion,
And Thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know Thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

Fellows.

No. 103.

(Song Book Page 149.)

1 God of our fathers, we come unto Thee;
Children of those whom Thy truth has made free;
Grant us the joy of Thy presence today,
Never from Thee let us stray.

CHORUS:

Never! Never!
Never from Thee let us stray,
Ever! Ever!
Ever to Thee will we pray!

2 Grateful for all that Thy bounty imparts,
Praises we offer with voices and hearts;
Life of our being and Sun of our day,
Never from Thee let us stray!

3 Blest with the gifts of the gospel of peace,
Dwelling in Zion whose light shall increase,
Led by the Priesthood along the bright way,
Never from Thee should we stray!

4 Strengthened by Thee for the conflict
with sin,
Onward we'll press till life's battle
we win;
Then in Thy glory forever we'll stay—
Never from Thee should we stray!

C. W. Penrose.

No. 104.

(Song Book Page 151.)

1 Dearest children, God is near you.
Watching o'er you day and night,
And delights to own and bless you,
If you strive to do what's right.
He will bless you,
If you put your trust in Him.

2 Dearest children, holy angels
Watch your actions night and day;
And they keep a faithful record
Of the good and bad you say.
Cherish virtue!
God will bless the pure in heart.

3 Children, God delights to teach you,
By His Holy Spirit's voice;
Quickly heed its holy promptings,
Day by day you'll then rejoice.
O, prove faithful
To your God and Zion's cause!

C. L. Walker.

No. 105.

(Song Book Page 154.)

1 Today while the sun shines, work with a will,
Today all your duties with patience fulnll;
Today while the birds sing, harbor no care,
Call life a good gift, call the world fair.

CHORUS:

Today, today work with a will,
Today, today your duties fulfill;
Today, today work while you may,
There is no tomorrow, but only today.

2 Today seek the treasure, better than gold,
The peace and the joy that are found in the fold;
Today seek the gems that shine in the heart;
While here we labor choose the good part.

3 Today seek for goodness, virtue and truth,
As the crown of your life and the grace of your youth;

Today while the heart beats, live to be true,
Constant and faithful all the day through.

No. 106.

(Song Book Page 158.)

1 Never be late to the Sunday School class,
Come with your bright sunny faces;
Cheering your teachers and pleasing your God—
Always be found in your places.

CHORUS:

Never be late, never be late;
Children remember the warning;
Try to be there, always be there,
Promptly at ten in the morning.

2 Ready to mingle your voices in praise,
Singing with joyful emotion;
Ready to join in the prayer that is breathed,
Bowing in humble devotion.

3 Always be ready and willing to learn,
Making your duty a pleasure,
Trying to follow the Savior's command;
Then He will give you a treasure.

4 If you are faithful in all that you do,
Ever your Savior confessing,
Then will the Sabbath glide cheerfully by,
Crowning the week with its blessing.

No. 107.

(Song Book Page 161.)

1 What can little bodies do,
Like us little lispers,
Full of life, and mischief too,
And prone to noisy whispers?

2 Oh, we here can come to school,
And, with merry voices,
Sing about the golden rule;
Till ev'ry heart rejoices.

3 Jesus gave the golden rule;
May be you don't know it,
But 'tis known to all our school,
And do not overthrow it.

4 Unto others always do
As you would have others
Do again in turn to you,
As sisters and as brothers.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 108.

(Song Book Page 165.)

1 Blest are the children who delight
In truth, and peace and love;
Who never quarrel, scold nor fight,
But ever try to do what's right—
Are harmless as the dove.

2 Blest are the children who obey
God's pure and holy laws;
Who pray to Him by night and day,
And never any bad words say,
But love His sacred cause.

3 Blest are the children who obey
Their parents' every word;
Who ne'er in evil habits stray;
To counsel strict attention pay—
Love Jesus Christ our Lord.

4 Blest are the children who are found
Attending Sunday Schools—
Who never miss the whole year round,
Who love the gospel's glorious sound,
And follow all its rules.

No. 109.

(Song Book Page 166.)

1 Tradition and error in battle array;
The children of Zion prepare for the
fray,

Jehovah's their strength and their buckler and shield;
They're onward to conquer or die on the field.

CHORUS:

Join in the song, come and join in the song
Up with the standard and boldly march on;
Then upward and onward, with banners unfurl'd,
For truth yet shall triumph and conquer the world.

2 Then let us press onward; hold fast to the end,
While battling for truth we have God for our friend;
The triumph of truth is the theme of our song,
As onward and upward we're marching along.

3 From the east to the west shall God's kingdom extend,
Meet in every land a true brother and friend;
Then Satan all power will have to resign,
When Jesus in triumph on earth comes to reign.

4 The sea shall roll back to its place in
the north,
The ten tribes of Israel with joy will
come forth;
Then God will restore Enoch's city of
old,
And Abraham's children shall meet in
one fold.

Wm. Powell.

No. 110.

(Song Book Page 170.)

1 To Nephi, seer of olden time,
A vision came from God,
Where, in the holy word sublime,
Was shown an iron rod.

CHORUS:

Hold to the rod, the iron rod,
'Tis strong and bright and true;
The iron rod is the word of God,
'Twill safely guide us through.

2 While on our journey here below,
Beneath temptation's power,
Through mists of darkness we must go,
In peril every hour.

3 And when temptation's power is nigh,
Our pathway clouded o'er,
Upon the rod we can rely,
And heaven's aid implore.

4 And hand o'er hand, the rod along,
Through each succeeding day,
With earnest prayer and hopeful song,
We'll still pursue our way.

5 Afar we see the golden rest
To which the rod will guide,
Where, with the angels, bright and blest,
Forever we'll abide.

J. L. Townshend.

No. 111.

(Song Book Page 172.)

1 Sweet Sabbath day, all hail to thee,
Beautiful day of rest!
That sets us from all labor free,
Beautiful day of rest!
With joy we hail thy welcome lay,
With grateful hearts our homage pay
To Him who gave this holy day,
This beautiful day of rest.

2 This best of days to man is given,
Beautiful day of rest!
To draw our minds to God and heaven,
Beautiful day of rest!
And humbly now we bend the knee,
With rev'rence, Lord, ascribe to Thee,
Our thanks for all Thy mercies free,
This beautiful day of rest.

3 Sweet Sabbath day, thy name we love,
Beautiful day of rest!
Let angels hear the strain above,
Beautiful day of rest!
'Tis God's command, let all obey,
To hallow this, the Sabbath day,
And spend in His appointed way
The beautiful day of rest.

Geo. Manwaring.

No. 112.

(Song Book Page 175.)

1 O, if for me the cup you fill,
Then fill it from the gushing rill,
With sparkling water, pure and bright,
As clear as truth and free as light.

CHORUS:

O, if for me the cup you fill,
Then fill it from the gushing rill.

2 Pass not to me the mantling brim,
Where dancing bubbles gaily swim,
For in each ruby crystal round,
The deadly lurking fiend is found.

3 Speak not to me of rosy wine,
Of nectar cups, or draughts divine;
The taste of bitter tears is there;
The tears of grief and dark despair.

No. 113.

(Song Book Page 176.)

1 O, how we love to sing the songs
Of Zion's blest abode!
They cause our hearts to burn with joy
And help us on the road.
There's comfort in their cheering words,
That warms the strangest heart;
No other songs we hear today
Can such delight impart.

2 With wild delight we'll strike each chord
In ecstasy of joy;
The love and faith which fill our hearts
Are pure without alloy;
And when the Lord shall come again,
The children of His love
Shall join in songs of lasting praise,
To greet Him from above.

3 We'll sing the songs we love so well,
In honor to His name;
Our voices and our tongues shall speak
The glory of His fame;
The mountains and the hills shall join
With echoes loud and clear;
We'll sing and shout forevermore,
The songs of Zion dear.

R. B. Baird.

No. 114.

(Song Book Page 177.)

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feelings,
Send earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
Go when the morning shineth,
Go at the close of day,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Pray then for all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
God's blessings humbly claim,
And join with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.
Pray then to God, sincerely,
Pray for His holy light,
Rich blessings He will grant thee
If only ask aright.

No. 115.

(Song Book Page 183.)

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is met with elsewhere.

CHORUS:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
Oh, give me the peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 116.

(Song Book Page 194.)

1 The tide of time is ebbing low,
The wheels of change roll fast;
Hark! the heralds of salvation blow,

The gospel trump's loud blast,
Our God, the source of life and love,
To earth His care extends—
Reveals the laws, the hosts above
In holy union blends.

CHORUS.

Awake, awake! let the nations hear
Jehovah's firm decree,
To abolish sin and usher in
The world's great Jubilee.

2 Immortal garlands crown the day
On which brave men of God
Who pioneered the desert way—
In Salt Lake Valley trod.
From here the "little stone" will roll,
"The kingdom" spread abroad,
Till peace shall reign from pole to pole,
And all acknowledge God.

3 The "iron horse" and "lightning wires,"
Their mutual powers combine,
And man's vile wrath, o'erruled, conspires
To aid the great design.
O'er mountain tops, swells high the strain—

To ev'ry land proclaim,
The voice of God is heard again;
Shout glory to His name.

E. R. Snow.

No. 117.

(Song Book Page 185.)

1 Don't kill the little birds,
That sing on bush and tree,
All thro' the summer days,
Their sweetest melody.
Don't shoot the little birds!
The earth is God's estate,
And He provideth food
For small as well as great.

2 Don't kill the little birds,
Their plumage wings the air,
Their trill at early morn
Makes music ev'rywhere.
What though the cherries fall
Half eaten from the stem
And berries disappear,
In garden, field and glen?

3 Still like the widow's cruse,
There's always plenty left;
How sad a world were this,
Of little birds bereft!
Think of the good they do
In all the orchards round;
No hurtful insects thrive
Where robins most abound.

4 Don't kill the little birds,
That sing on bush and tree,
All through the summer days,
Their sweetest melody.
In this great world of ours,
If we can trust His Word,
There's food enough for all—
Don't kill a single bird.

No. 118.

(Song Book Page 194.)

1 Lord, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

2 My health and friends and parents dear
To me, by God are given,
I have not any blessing here
That's not bestowed by heaven.

3 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child cannot repay,
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

No. 119.

(Song Book Page 190.)

1 In our lovely Deseret,
Where the Saints of God have met,
There's a multitude of children all around.
They are generous and brave—
They have precious souls to save,
They must listen and obey the Gospel sound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark, hark, 'tis children's music—
Children's voices, O, how sweet!
When in innocence and love,
Like the angel up above,
They with happy hearts and cheerful faces meet.

2 That the children may live long,
And be beautiful and strong,
Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise,
Drink no liquor, and they eat
But a very little meat;
They are seeking to be great and good and wise.

3 They should be instructed young,
How to watch and guard the tongue;

And their tempers train, and evil passions bind.
They should always be polite,
And treat everybody right,
And in every place be affable and kind.

4 They must not forget to pray,
Night and morning every day,
For the Lord to keep them safe from every ill,
And assist them to do right,
That with all their mind and might
They may love Him and may learn to do His will.

E. R. Snow.

No. 120.

(Song Book Page 194.)

1 Come, let us anew, our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moments are gone,
The Millennial year
Presses on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through—
I have finished the work Thou dids't give me to do."
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

Wesley's Col.

No. 121.

(Song Book Page 196.)

1 For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God;
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod;
Thou hast led Thy chosen Israel
To freedom's last abode—

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

2 At the hands of foul oppressors,
We have borne and suffered long;
Thou hast been our help in weakness,
And Thy strength hath made us
strong;
'Mid ruthless foes outnumbered,
Our weary steps we trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

3 Thou hast led us here in safety,
Where Thy mountain bulwark
stands,
As the guardian of the loved ones
Thou hast brought from many lands;
For the rock and for the river,
For the valley's fertile sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

4 For the shadow of Thy presence,
Round our camp of rock o'erspread;
For the canyon's rugged defiles,
And the beetling crags o'erhead;
For the snows and for the torrents,

For the free heart's burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

No. 122.

(Song Book Page 198.)

Our God, we raise to thee
Thanks for Thy blessings free
We here enjoy
In this far western land;
A true and chosen band,
Led hither by Thy hand,
Would sing for joy.

2 Bless Thou our Prophet dear;
May health and comfort cheer
His noble heart;
His words with fire impress
On souls that Thou wilt bless,
Nor gold may they caress,
But free impart.

3 So shall Thy kingdom spread,
As by Thy Prophets said,
From sea to sea;
As one united whole
Truth burn in every soul,
While hast'ning to the goal
We long to see.

4 O may Thy Saints be one,
Like Father and the Son,
Nor disagree;
United heart and hand,
So may they ever stand
A firm and valiant band
Eternally.

B. Snow.

No. 123.

(Song Book Page 200.)

1 O, ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free,
Where the pure breezes blow and the clear streamlets flow,
How I've longed to your bosom to flee!
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free;
My own mountain home, now to thee I have come,
All my fond hopes are centered in thee.

2 Though the great and the wise all thy beauties despise,
To the humble and pure thou art dear;
Though the haughty may smile, and the wicked revile,

Yet we love thy glad tidings to hear.
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free;
Though thou wert forced to fly to thy chambers on high,
Yet we'll share joy or sorrow with thee.

3 In thy mountain retreat, God will strengthen thy feet;
On the necks of thy foes thou shalt tread;
And their silver and gold, as the Prophets have told,
Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head.
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free,
Soon thy towers shall shine with a splendor divine,
And eternal thy glory shall be.

4 Here our voices we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise,
Sacred home of the Prophets of God;
Thy deliverance is nigh, thy oppressors shall die;
And the Gentiles shall bow 'neath thy rod,
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free;
In thy temples we'll bend, all thy rights we'll defend,

And our home shall be ever with thee.

C. W. Penrose.

No. 124.

(Song Book Page 200.)

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Kenn.

No. 125.

(Song Book Page 202.)

1 Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah;
Jesus anointed "that Prophet and Seer,"
Blessed to open the last dispensation;
Kings shall extol him and nations revere.

CHORUS.

Hail to the Prophet, ascended to heaven!
Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain;
Mingling with Gods, he can plan for his brethren;
Death cannot conquer the hero again.

2 Praise to his mem'ry, he died as a martyr;
Honored and blest be his ever great name;
Long shall his blood, which was shed by assassins,
Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.

3 Great is his glory, and endless his priesthood;
Ever and ever the keys he will hold;
Faithful and true he will enter his kingdom,
Crowned in the midst of the prophets of old.

4 Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven;
Earth must atone for the blood of that man;
Wake up the world for the conflict of justice;
Millions shall know "Brother Joseph" again.

W. W. Phelps.

No. 126.

(Song Book Page 210.)

1 Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
Now is the time to show;

We ask it fearlessly,
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
We wage no common war,
Cope with no common foe;
The enemy's awake;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

CHORUS.

Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
Now is the time to show;
We ask it fearlessly,
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

2 We serve the living God,
And want His foes to know,
That if but few, we're great,
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
We're going on to win,
Nor fear must blanch the brow,
The Lord of Hosts is ours,
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

3 The stone cut without hands,
To fill the earth must grow;
Who'll help to roll it on?
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
Our ensign to the world,
Is floating proudly now,
No coward bears our flag;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

4 The pow'rs of earth and hell,
In rage direct the blow
That's aimed to crush the work;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
Truth, life and liberty,
Freedom from death and woe,
Are stakes we're fighting for;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

5 The Lord has armies great,
Which at His bidding go,
His chariots are strong;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
When He makes bare His arm
To lay the wicked low,
Then is the time to ask
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

6 Then rally to the flag;
Our God will help us through;
The victory is ours;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?
Stainless our flag must wave,
And to the nations show
The olive branch of peace;
Who's on the Lord's side? Who?

H. Coranby.

No. 127.

We're not ashamed to own our Lord,
And worship Him on earth;
We love to learn His holy word,
And know what souls are worth.

When Jesus comes in burning flame,
Then to reward the just,
The world will know the only name
In which the Saints can trust.

When He comes down from heaven to earth,
With all His holy band,
Before creation's second birth,
We hope with Him to stand.

Then will He give us a "new name,"
With robes of righteousness,
And in the new Jerusalem
Eternal happiness.

No. 128.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord will come
And earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Saints and angels sing.

2 Rejoice! rejoice! when Jesus reigns,
And Saints their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills
and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more will sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He'll come and make the blessing flow
Far as the curse was found.

4 Rejoice! rejoice in the Most High!
While Israel spreads abroad
Like stars that glitter in the sky,
And ever worship God.

No. 129.

1 O Jesus! the giver
Of all we enjoy,
Our lives to Thy honor
We wish to employ;
With praises unceasing
We'll sing of Thy name,
Thy goodness increasing,
Thy love we'll proclaim.

CHORUS:

Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to guide you,
He will carry you through.

2 With joy we remember
The dawn of that day,
When cold as December
In darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation
We heard with surprise,
And witnessed salvation
Flow down from the skies.

3 The wonderful name
Of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame
Of our Captain and King.
With sweet exultation
His goodness we prove;
His name is salvation,
His nature is love.

4 We now are enlisted
In Jesus' blest cause,
Divinely assisted
To conquer our foes;
His grace will support us
Till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us
To Zion's bright shore.

No. 130.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

No. 131.

(7's & 6's.)

1 Arise, O glorious Zion,
  Thou joy of latter days,
Whom countless Saints rely on,
  To gain a resting place;
Arise, and shine in splendor,
  Amid the world's deep night;
For God, thy sure defender,
  Is now thy life and light.

2 Let faithful Saints be rearing
  The city of our Lord,
On mountain tops appearing,
  According to His word;
A sought-out habitation,
  By men of truth and faith,
A covert of salvation
  From ignorance and death.

3 The temple long expected,
  Shall stand on Zion's hill,
By willing hearts erected,
  Who love Jehovah's will;
Let earth, her wealth bestowing,
  Adorn His holy seat,
For nations great shall flow in,
  To worship at His feet.

4 What though the world in malice
  Despise these mighty things,

We'll build the Royal Palace,
To serve the King of kings;
Where holy men anointed
To know His sovereign will,
Each ordinance appointed
To save us will reveal.

5 From Zion's favored dwelling
The Gospel issues forth,
The covenant revealing
To gather all the earth;
And Saints, the message bringing
To all the sons of men,
With the redeemed, shall, singing,
To Zion come again.

6 O hear the proclamation,
And fly as on the wind!
For righteous indignation
Shall desolate mankind.
Then, Zion, men shall prize thee,
And bow before thy shrine;
And they who now despise thee,
Shall own thy light divine.

7 Through painful tribulation
We walk the narrow road,
And battle with temptation,
To gain the blest abode,
But patient, firm endurance,
With glory in our view—

The Spirit's bright assurance—
Will bring us conquerors through.

8 O grant, Eternal Father,
That we may faithful be,

With all the just to gather,
And Thy salvation see!
Then with the hosts of heaven
We'll sing the immortal theme—
To Him be glory given,
Whose blood did us redeem.

No. 132.

(8's & 7's.)

1 Softly beams the sacred dawning
Of the great Millennial morn,
And to Saints gives welcome warning
That the day is hasting on.
2 Splendid, rising o'er the mountains,
Glowing with celestial cheer,
Streaming from Eternal fountains,
Rays of living light appear.

3 Swiftly flee the clouds of darkness,
Speedily the mists retire;
Nature's universal blackness
Is consumed by heavenly fire.

4 Yea, the fair sabbatic era,
When the world will be at rest,

Rapidly is drawing nearer;
Then all Israel will be blest.

5 Odors sweet the air perfuming,
Verdure of the purest green;
In primeval beauty beaming,
Will our native earth be seen.

6 At the resurrection morning,
We shall all appear as one;
O what robes of bright adorning,
Will the righteous then put on!

7 Eyes not seen the untold treasures,
Which the Father hath in store,
Teeming with surpassing pleasures,
Even life for evermore.

8 Mourn no longer, Saints beloved,
Brave the dangers, no retreat;
Neither let your hearts be moved,
Scorn the trials you may meet.

No. 133.

(S. M. D.)

1 Ye simple souls who stray
Far from the path of peace,
That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness;
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,

And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath,
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious in our death,
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie,
And utterly condemned we live,
And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent and poor,
Above your scorn we rise.
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesus' love we know;
And pleasures springing from the well
Of life our souls o'erflow.
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace and power;
And, though 'mid scenes of woe we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace;
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend,
And God Himself, our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

6 With Him we walk in white,
We in His image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine.
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-failing crown.

No. 134.

(7's D.)

1 Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood,
Suff'rers for His righteous cause,
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
Blood that washes white as snow.
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His Saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their suff'rings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray,
In a milder clime they dwell—
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign;
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

No. 135.

(8-7's.)

1 Where the voice of friendship's heard
Sounding like a sweet toned bird;
Where the holy notes inspire
With devotion's pure desire;
Where fond actions speak the soul;
Where true love finds no control;
Where the sons of God agree,
There may all the faithful be.

2 Where the weary find a home;
Where the wild deer fearless roam;
Where the mellow fruit-tree grows;
Where the golden harvest flows;
Where the bee, the grape and kine
Yield their honey, milk and wine;
Where the curse from earth shall flee
There may all the faithful be.

3 Where the temple-block is laid;
Where no foe shall e'er invade;
Where the Priesthood's power shall
claim
All that heaven and earth can name;
Where the judge by justice rules;
Where the couns'lors are not fools;
Where the poor shall judgment see,
There may all the faithful be.

4 Where the dew-distilling hills
Drop their fatness in the rills;
Where the river, lake and stream
With their finny myriads teem;
Where the shade trees round the fold
Shield from heat and winter's cold;
Where all nature sings with glee,
There may all the faithful be.

No. 136.

(8's, 7's & 4.)

1 Lo! the mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west His thunder breaks.
Earth behold Him!
Universal nature shakes.

2 Zion, all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display;
Lo! He comes! nor silence holding,
Fire and clouds prepare His way;
Tempests round Him
Hasten on the dreadful day.

3 To the heavens His voice ascending,
To the earth beneath He cries;
Souls immortal now descending,
Let the sleeping dust arise!
Rise to judgment;
Let Thy throne adorn the skies.

4 Gather first my Saints around me,
Those who to my cov'nant stood—
Those who humbly sought and found me
Through the dying Savior's blood.
Blest Redeemer!
Dearest sacrifice to God!

5 Now the heavens on high adore Him,
And His righteousness declare;
Sinners perish from before Him,
But His Saints His mercies share.
Just His judgment;
God, Himself the judge, is there.

No. 137.
(8's & 7's.)

1 Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings too.

2 Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

3 Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

4 Do not form opinions blindly;
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we thought unkindly,
Oft become our warmest friends.

No. 138.

(6-8's.)

1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my noblest powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and sea, with all their train.
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves oppressed ones, feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the troubled conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,

And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of peace shall ne'er be past
While lift and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

No. 139.

(L. M.)

1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound—
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds along the sky;

There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 And Saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fears,
And looks and loves His image there.

No. 140.

(8, 9's & 7 s.)

1 Up, awake, ye defenders of Zion!
The foe's at the door of your homes;
Let each heart be the heart of a lion,
Unyielding and proud as he roams.
Remember the wrongs of Missouri;
Forget not the fate of Nauvoo;
When the God-hating foe is before you,
Stand firm, and be faithful and true.

2 By the mountains our Zion's surrounded;
Her warriors are noble and brave;

And their faith on Jehovah is founded,
Whose power is mighty to save.
Opposed by a proud, boasting nation,
Their numbers, compared, may be few;
But their union is known through creation,
And they've always been faithful and true.

3 Shall we bear with oppression forever?
Shall we tamely submit to the foe,
While the ties of our kindred they sever?
Shall the blood of our Prophets still flow?
No! the thought sets the heart wildly beating;
Our vows at each pulse we renew,
Ne'er to rest till our foes are retreating,
While we remain faithful and true.

4 Though, assisted by legions infernal,
The plundering wretches advance,
With a host from the regions eternal,
We'll scatter their troops at a glance.
Soon "the Kingdom" will be independent;
In wonder the nations will view
The despised ones in glory resplendent;
Then let us be faithful and true.

No. 141.

(8's & 7's.)

1 Glorious things are sung of Zion,
  Enoch's city seen of old,
Where the righteous, being perfect,
  Walked with God in streets of gold.
Love and virtue, faith and wisdom,
  Grace and gifts were all combined;
As himself each loved his neighbor;
  All were one in heart and mind.

2 There they shunned the power of Satan,
  And observed celestial laws;
For in Adam-Ondi-Ahman
  Zion rose where Eden was.
When beyond the power of evil,
  So that none could covet wealth,
One continual feast of blessings
  Crowned their days with peace and health.

3 Then the towers of Zion glittered
  Like the sun in yonder skies,
And the wicked stood and trembled,
  Filled with wonder and surprise;
Then their faith and works were perfect—
  Lo, they followed their great Head;
So the city went to heaven,
  And the world said Zion's fled!

4 When the Lord returns with Zion,
And we hear the watchman cry,
Then we'll surely be united,
And we'll all see eye to eye;
Then we'll mingle with the angels,
And the Lord will bless His own;
Then the earth will be as Eden,
And we'll know as we are known.

No. 142.

(L. M.)

1 Before Jehovah's glorious throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

No. 143.

(P. M.)

1 Go! ye Gospel heralds, go!
To the land of darkness go,
And to every clime proclaim:
Christ will come on earth to reign—
And then we'll go, we'll go to Zion's land.

2 In a gallant ship we ride,
Sent to spread the Gospel wide,
And its glorious tidings roll
O'er the earth from pole to pole—
And then we'll go, we'll go to Zion's land.

3 Come, ye faithful Saints, and sing
Sacred songs to Zion's King;
Take the crown so freely given
By the mighty Lord of heaven;
And then sit down, sit down with Christ the Lamb.

No. 144.

(7's.)

1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Do Thou not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

3 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let "the time of love" return.

4 Grant, we all may seek and find
Thee, our gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

No. 145.

(7's.)

1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 See! Jehovah's banner's furled,
Sheathed His sword, He speaks, 'tis done!
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme unbounded sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

No. 146.

(8's, 7's, 4's.)

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Traveling through the wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adorations,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

No. 147.

(C. M.)

1 May we, who know the joyful sound,
  Still practice what we know—
The hearers of the word be found,
  And doers of it, too.

2 By acts of mercy let us show
  We have not heard in vain,
But kindly feel another's woe,
  And long to ease his pain.

3 The widow's heart shall share our joy;
  The orphan and oppressed
Shall see we love the sweet employ
  To succor the distressed.

4 We'll teach the ignorant the way
  True happiness to know,
And how the vilest sinners may
  Escape eternal woe.

No. 148.

(8's, 7's & 4.)

1 Israel, Israel, God is calling;
  Calling thee from lands of woe;
Babylon the great is falling,
  God shall all her powers o'erthrow.
    Come to Zion
  Ere His floods of anger flow.

2 Israel, Israel, God is speaking;
Hear your great Deliv'rer's voice!
Now a glorious morn is breaking
For the people of His choice.
Come to Zion,
And within her walls rejoice.

3 Israel, angels are descending
From celestial worlds on high,
And to man their powers extending,
That the Saints may homeward fly.
Come to Zion,
For your coming Lord is nigh.

4 Israel, Israel, canst thou linger
Still in error's gloomy ways?
Mark how judgment's pointing finger
Justifies no vain delays!
Come to Zion,
Zion's walls shall ring with praise.

No. 149.
(L. M.)

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living head.

2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,

He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

5 He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

6 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

7 He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

No. 150.
(4-7's & 4.)

1 Gently raise the sacred strain,
For the Sabbath come again,
That man may rest,
And return his thanks to God.
For His blessings to the blest.

2 Holy day, devoid of strife;
Let us seek eternal life,
The great reward,
And partake the Sacrament
In remembrance of our Lord.

3 Sweetly swells the solemn sound,
While we bring our gifts around
Of broken hearts,
As a willing sacrifice,
Showing what His grace imparts.

4 Happy type of things to come,

When the Saints are gathered home
To praise the Lord,
In eternity of bliss,
All as one with one accord.

5 Holy, holy is the Lord,
Precious, precious is His word;
Repent and live;
Though your sins be crimson red,
Oh! repent, and He'll forgive.

6 Softly sing the joyful lay,
For the Saints to fast and pray,
As God ordains,
For His goodness and His love,
While the Sabbath day remains.

No. 151.
(S. M.)

1 Ye children of our God,
Ye Saints of latter days,
Surround the table of the Lord,
And join to sing His praise.

2 He gives His flesh and blood,
Our souls to purify,
And blesses us with every good,
And thus He brings us nigh.

3 We do remember Him,
His sorrow, pain and death,
And how with power He rose again,
Triumphant from the earth.

4 He triumphed o'er the grave,
And then ascended high,
Where, throned in power, He sits to save
And bring the sinner nigh.

5 He soon will come again,
And with His people taste

The marriage supper of the Lamb,
With His own presence blest.

6 Arrayed in spotless white,
We'll then each other greet,
And see Messiah throned in might,
And worship at His feet.

No. 152.

(C. M.)

1 Behold Thy sons and daughters, Lord,
On whom we lay our hands;
They have fulfilled the Gospel word,
And bowed at Thy commands.

2 O now send down the heavenly Dove,
And overwhelm their souls
With peace and joy and perfect love,
As lambs within Thy fold.

3 Seal them by Thine own Spirit's power,
Which purifies from sin,
And may they find from this glad hour
They are adopted in.

4 Increase their faith, confirm their hope,
And guide them in the way;
With comfort bear their spirits up,
Unto the perfect day.

No. 153.

(6-8's.)

1 In Jordan's tide the Prophet stands,
Immersing the repentant Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands;
Nor dares the holy man refuse.
The Savior sinks beneath the wave,
The emblem of His future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps concealed from human view;
Ye men behold Him sink and rise,
A fit example, this, for you.
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo! from yonder parting skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like the Holy Spirit flies
And lights on the Redeemer's head.
Amazed, they see the power divine
Around the Savior's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along,
Not like Siani's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song:
'This is My well-beloved Son;
I see, well-pleased, what He hath done!"

5 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God.
O, hear the Gospel word today;
Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

No. 154

(4-6's & 2-8's.)

1 Behold the Lamb of God,
In His divine array,
Go down into the flood,
His Father to obey—
In Jordan's stream to be baptized
Though by a carnal world despised.

2 Can we pretend to know
More fully God's design?
Can we pretend to show
A conduct more divine?
Can we neglect this ordinance
Without an insult to our Prince?

3 Jesus, we will obey
Thy practice and command;
Behold us here today!
We in Thy presence stand,
Devoted to Thy blessed will,
Thy pleasure ready to fulfill.

4 We sink beneath the wave;
The water we go through—
The emblems of Thy grave
And resurrection too;
We die, are buried, rise again,
In hopes with Thee to live and reign.

5 Great Father, cast Thine eye
On us, dispel our fear,
Our every want supply,
Give grace to persevere;
And then rejoicing we will go
To do our Father's will below.

No. 155.

(L. M.)

1 In ancient times a man of God
Came preaching in the wilderness;
He did baptize in Jordan's flood,
Requiring fruits of righteousness.

2 He said, repent, the time's fulfilled,
The Son of God will soon appear;
Make straight His paths and do His will,
For lo! His kingdom now is near.

3 With water I baptize you now
For the remission of your sin;
But He, the Spirit shall bestow,
To witness to your souls within.

4 Thus was Messiah's way prepared,
When first He came unto His own;
And by this means, when He appeared,
To His disciples He was known.

5 E'en so, in this the latter-day,
Before He comes on earth to reign,
His servants must prepare His way,
And all His paths make straight again.

6 Come, then, ye erring ones who stray,
Arise, return unto your fold;
Come, be baptized without delay,
And thus pursue the path of old.

No. 156.
(L. M.)

1 How foolish to the carnal mind,
God's ordinances do appear!
Men count them as a puff of wind,
And gaze with a contemptuous sneer.

2 What! buried now beneath the flood,
To wash away our guilt and sin?
Are not some other means as good,
Nay, better! Why appear so mean?

3 Thus they despise the proffered grace,
And die and perish in their sin;

So the Assyrian leper thought—
What! wash in Jordan and be clean?

4 Nay, in a rage he turned away,
And would remain a leper still;
But lo! his humble servant's sway
Prevailed at last, and turned his will.

5 He washed in Jordan's rolling flood,
And found the foul disease removed;
The virtue of the word of God,
Thus by experience Naaman proved.

6 Poor sinners now would fain perform
Some great and meritorious deed;
Bow to the systems mortals form,
That from their sins they may be freed.

7 But why not yield to simple means?
The Gospel is the power of God;
'Twill save the vilest from their sins,
Who yield obedience to His word.

No. 157.

(C. M.)

1 Lo! on the water's brink we stand,
To do the Father's will;
To be baptized by His command,
And thus the word fulfill.

2 Lord, we have sinned, but we repent,
And put our sins away;
With joy receive the message sent
In this the latter day.

3 Thou wilt accept our humble prayer,
And all our sins forgive;
For Jesus is the sinners' friend;
He died that we might live.

4 We lay our sinful bodies now
Beneath the parting wave;
Then rise to life divinely new,
As from the bursting grave.

5 So when the trump of God shall blow,
The Saints shall burst the tomb,
Eternal beauty crown their brow,
With an immortal bloom.

No. 158.

(P. M.)

1 Come all ye sons of God, who have received the Priesthood,
Go spread the Gospel wide, and gather in His people;
The latter-day work has begun, to gather scattered Israel in,
And bring them back to Zion to praise the Lamb.

2 Come all ye scattered sheep, and listen
to your Shepherd;
While you the blessings reap, which
long have been predicted;
By Prophets it has been foretold, He'll
gather you into His fold;
And bring you home to Zion, to
praise the Lamb.

3 Repent and be baptized and have your
sins remitted,
And get the Spirit's seal; O then
you'll be united;
Go cast upon Him all your care, He
will regard your humble prayer.
And bring you home to Zion, to
praise the Lamb.

4 And when your grief is o'er, and ended
your affliction,
Your spirits then will soar until the
resurrection;
And then His presence you'll enjoy, in
heavenly bliss your time employ.
A thousand years in Zion, to praise
the Lamb.

No. 159.

(4-6's & 2-8's.)

1 An angel from on high,
  The long, long silence broke;
Descending from the sky,
  These gracious words he spoke:
Lo! in Cumorah's lonely hill,
A sacred record lies concealed.

2 Sealed by Moroni's hand,
  It has for ages lain,
To wait the Lord's command,
  From dust to speak again.
It shall again to light come forth,
To usher in Christ's reign on earth.

3 It speaks of Joseph's seed,
  And makes the remnant known
Of nations long since dead,
  Who once had dwelt alone.
The fullness of the Gospel, too.
Its pages will reveal to view.

4 The time is now fulfilled,
  The long expected day;
Let earth obedience yield,
  And darkness flee away;
Open the seals, be wide unfurled
Its light and glory to the world.

5 Lo, Israel filled with joy,
Shall now be gathered home,
Their wealth and means employ
To build Jerusalem;
While Zion shall arise and shine,
And fill the earth with truth divine.

No. 160.

(8's.)

1 Adieu, my dear brethren, adieu!
Reluctant we give you the hand,
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on Mount Zion shall stand.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle compassionate love,
Henceforth in our mem'ry shall last,
Though far from your sight we remove.

3 Our hearts swell with tender regret,
And sigh at each parting embrace,
While heaven our course must direct,
And others succeed in our place.

4 When trav'ling the Gosper to preach,
Our course among strangers we steer;
Repentance and faith we will teach
To all that are willing to hear.

5 O Shepherd of Israel, draw near,
Thy glorious presence display,
Our parting reflections to cheer,
And help us, Thy voice to obey.

6 Help us to refrain from each ill,
Press forward for glory and peace,
Our sacred engagements fulfill,
Till Thou shalt command our release.

7 Then may we to Zion repair,
And wait our blest Master to see,
To spend the Millennium there,
From sin and from sorrow set free.

8 How cheerful the thoughts of that rest,
With Jesus our Savior to reign,
Till we shall be changed with the blest,
And glory celestial obtain.

No. 161.

(8's, 7's & 4's.)

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I, can I say farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

3 Holy scenes of joy and gladness
Every fond emotion swell;
Can I banish heartfelt sadness,
While I bid my home farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in distant land to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How He died, the blessed Savior,
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten,
Far in distant lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion

While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

No. 162.

(7's & 6's.)

1 If you could hie to Kolob,
On th' twinkling of an eye,
And then continue onward,
With that same speed to fly,

2 D'ye thing that you could ever,
Through all eternity,
Find out the generation
Where Gods began to be?

3 Or see the grand beginning,
Where space did not extend?
Or view the last creation,
Where Gods and matter end?

4 Methinks the Spirit whispers,
"No man has found 'pure space,'
Nor vacuum yet discovered
Where nothing has a place.

5 "The works of Gods continue,
And worlds and lives abound;
Improvement and progression
Have one eternal round.

6 "There is no end to matter,
There is no end to space,
There is no end to spirit,
There is no end to race.

7 "There is no end to virtue,
There is no end to might,
There is no end to wisdom,
There is no end to light.

8 "There is no end to union,
There is no end to youth,
There is no end to priesthood,
There is no end to truth.

9 "There is no end to love,
There is no end to glory,
There is no end to being,
There is no death above."

No. 163.
(8's.)

1 A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on the way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer, Nay.

2 I had not power to ask His name,
Whereto He went or whence He came,
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love, I know not why.

3 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word He spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all, He blessed it, brake,

4 And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

5 I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; His strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked His thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

6 I ran and raised the suff'rer up;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank and never thirsted more.

7 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter-hurricane aloof;
I heard His voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof.

8 I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest,

And laid Him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

9 Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side;
I roused His pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived His Spirit, and supplied

10 Wine, oil, refreshment—He was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

11 In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him 'mid shame and scorn.

12 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

13 Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew,
The Savior stood before mine eyes.

14 He spake, and my poor name He named,
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou dids't them unto Me."

No. 164.

(L. M.)

1 Know this, that every soul is free
To choose his life and what he'll be,
For this eternal truth is given;
That God will force no man to heaven.

2 He'll call, persuade, direct aright,
And bless with wisdom, love and light;
In nameless ways, be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men,
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

4 May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose;
Our God is pleased when we improve
His grace, and seek His perfect love.

5 It is my free will to believe,
'Tis God's free will me to receive,
To stubborn willers this I'll tell,
'Tis all free grace and all free will.

6 Those who despise grow harder still,
If they adhere He turns their will,
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those who heed in glory dwell.

7 But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode,
Our God is clear, and we shall know
We plunged ourselves in endless woe.

No. 165.

(L. M.)

1 Afflicted Saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree
That "as thy day, thy strength shall
be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That "as thy day, thy strength shall
be."

4 If faith be weak and foes be strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day, thy strength shall
be."

5 When called to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall
be."

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears sub-
due;
He comes thy spirit to set free,
And "as thy day, thy strength shall
be."

No. 166.

(6-7's.)

1 Daniel's wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and patience show,
John's divine compassion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
Run like persevering Paul,
Win the prize and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal;
Like young Timothy may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission let me show,
David's true devotion know,
Samuel's call, O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share;
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditative heart;
Abram's friendship let me prove,
Faithful to the God of love.

5 Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew,
In my life and conduct show
How He lived and walked below;
Day by day through grace conferred,
Imitate my dearest Lord.

6 Then shall I these worthies meet,
With them bow at Jesus' feet,
With them praise the God of love,
With them share the joys above,
With them range the blissful shore,
Meet them all to part no more.

No. 167.

(8's & 7's.)

1 Truth reflects upon our senses,
Gospel light reveals to some,
If there still should be offenses,
Woe to them by whom they come.

2 Judge not, that you be not judged,
Was the counsel Jesus gave,
Measure given, large or grudged,
Just the same you must receive.

3 Jesus said, be meek and lowly,
For 'tis high to be a judge
If I would be pure and holy,
I must love without a grudge.

4 It requires a constant labor,
All His precepts to obey;
If I truly love my neighbor,
I am in the narrow way.

5 Once I said unto another,
In thine eye there is a mote,
If thou art a friendly brother,
Hold, and let me pull it out.

6 But I could not see it fairly,
For my sight was very dim,
When I came to search more clearly,
In mine eye there was a beam.

7 If I love my brother dearer,
And his mote I would erase,
Then the light should shine the clearer,
For the eye's a tender place.

8 Others I have oft reproved,
For an object like a mote,
Now I wish this beam removed,
O! that tears would wash it out.

9 Charity and love are healing,
These will give the clearest sight;
When I saw my brother's failing,
I was not exactly right.

10 Now I'll take no farther trouble,
Jesus' love is all my theme,
Little motes are but a bubble,
When I think upon the beam.

No. 168.

(6-8's.)

1 Down by the river's verdant side,
Low by the solitary tide,
There, while the peaceful waters slept,
We pensively sat down and wept,
And on the bending willows hung
Our silent harps, through grief unstrung.

2 For they who wasted Zion's bowers,
And laid in dust her ruined towers,
In scorn their weary slaves desire
To strike the chords of Israel's lyre,
And in their impious ears to sing
The sacred songs to Zion's King.

3 How shall we tune those lofty strains
On Babylon's polluted plains,
When low in ruin on the earth
Remains the place that gave us birth,
And stern destruction's iron hand
Still sways our desolated land!

4 O, never shall our harps awake,
Laid in the dust for Zion's sake,
Forever on the willows hung,
Their music hushed, their chords unstrung;
Lost Zion! city of our God,
While groaning 'neath the tyrant's rod.

No. 169.

(L. M.)

1 O Zion, when I think of thee,
I long for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the land I love.

2 A captive exile, far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh,
With ransomed kindred there to come,
And see Messiah eye to eye.

3 While here, I walk on hostile ground;
The few that I can call my friends
Are, like myself, in fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 But yet we hope to see the day
When Zion's children shall return.
When all our grief shall flee away,
And we again no more shall mourn.

5 The thoughts that such a day will
come,
Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from
home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

No. 170.

(12's.)

1 Come to me, will ye come to the Saints
that have died,
To the next, better world, where the
righteous reside,
Where the angels and spirits in har-
mony be,
In the joys of a vast Paradise? Come
to me.

2 Come to me, where the truth and the
virtue prevail,
Where the union exists, and years
never fail;
For no heart can conceive, and no hu-
man eye see
What the Lord has prepared for the
just. Come to me.

3 Come to me, where there is no de-
struction nor war,

Neither tyrants, nor mobbers, nor nations ajar;
Where the system is perfect, and happiness free,
And the life is eternal with God. Come to me.

4 Come to me; will ye come to the mansions above,
Where the bliss and the knowledge, the light and the love,
And the glory of God shall eternally be?
Death, the wages of sin, is not here. Come to me.

5 Come to me; here are Adam and Eve at the head
Of a multitude quickened and raised from the dead;
Here's the knowledge that was, or that is; or will be,
In the gen'ral assembly of worlds. Come to me.

6 Come to me; here are mysteries man hath not seen,
Here's our Father in Heaven, and Mother, and Queen,
Here are worlds that have been, and the worlds yet to be,

Here's eternity, endless; Amen. Come to me.

7 Come to me, all ye faithful and blest of Nauvoo,
Come, ye Twelve, and ye High Priests, and Seventies, too,
Come, ye Elders, and all of the great company,
When your work you have finished on earth, come to me.

8 Come to me, here's the future, the present and past;
Here is Alpha, Omega, the first and the last;
Here's the "Fountain," the "River of Life," and the "Tree!"
Here's your Prophet and Seer, Joseph Smith. Come to me.

No. 171.

(8's & 7's.)

1 Wake, O wake, the world from sleeping!
Watchman, watchman, what's the hour?
Hark ye, only hear Him saying.
'Tis the last, eleventh hour!

CHORUS:

Let the true born sons of Zion
Gather in from lands afar,
To the royal branch of Joseph,
Israel's glorious morning star.

2 Lo! the lion leaves his thicket,
Up, ye watchmen, be in haste;
The destroyer of the Gentiles
Goes to lay their cities waste.
Let the true born sons, etc.

3 Bring the remnants from their exile,
For the promise is to them;
Japhet's time to rule is ended,
He must leave the "tents of Shem."
Let the true born sons, etc.

4 Comfort ye the house of Israel,
They are pardoned, gather them;
Hear the watchman's proclamation:
"Jews, rebuild Jerusalem!"
Let the true born sons, etc.

5 Soon the Jews will know their error—
How they killed the Holy One;
They will turn and shout "Hosanna!
This is the Beloved Son!"
Let the true born sons, etc.

6 Sound the trumpet with the tidings,
Call in all of Abram's seed,
Though the Gentiles may reject it,
Christ will come in very deed.
Let the true born sons, etc.

No. 172.

(13's.)

1 Ye who are called to labor and minister for God,
Blest by the royal Priesthood, appointed by His word
To preach among the nations the news of Gospel grace,
And publish on the mountains, salvation, truth and peace,

CHORUS:

Come, oh come to me,
Come, oh come to me,
Weary, heavy laden,
Come, oh come to me.

2 O let not vain ambition nor worldly glory stain
Your minds so pure and holy—acquit yourselves like men;
While lifting up your voices like trumpets long and loud,
Say to the slumbering nations, "Prepare to meet your God!"

3 Then cease from all light speeches,
light-mindedness and pride,
Pray always, without ceasing, and in
the truth abide;
The Comforter will teach you, His
richest blessings send,
Your Savior will be with you always
unto the end.

4 And while you roam as pilgrims and
strangers on this earth,
O do not be discouraged, with songs
of joy go forth;
Rejoice in tribulation, for your reward
is sure,
Remember that your Savior like sor-
rows did endure.

5 Rich blessings do await you, and
God will give you faith,
You shall be crowned with glory and
triumph over death,
And soon you'll come to Zion, and bear
your many sheaves,
No more to taste of sorrow, but glori-
ous crowns receive.

No. 173.
(11's & 10's.)

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her glad reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the Prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the glad vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert the rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along,
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 Hark! from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

No. 174.
(C. M.)

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

6 The Saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Their fellowship they find.

No. 175.

(8's & 7's.)

1 Welcome, best of all good meetings;
Welcome, brothers, sisters true;
Gifts and blessings, happy greetings,
Heavenly treasures, old and new.

2 Gladly young and old assemble;
Sweetest songs rise from the soul;
Saints rejoice and sinners tremble;
Power unseen pervades the whole.

3 Prayer and praise and testimony,
Tongues unknown and prophecy,
Burning words of inspiration—
O, how swift the moments fly!

4 Faithful Saints refreshed and strengthened,
Drooping ones revived and cheered;
Thus their happy days are lengthened,
Thus Jehovah's name's revered.

5 Where is heaven? who can tell it
Answer, ye who only know,
Where abides the Holy Spirit?
Where its fruits and graces show?

6 Blessed people! pure religion!
Godlike, priceless, simple, free,
Loved and held up in derision,
'Twill be truth eternally.

No. 176.
(C. M.)

1 Thou, earth, wast once a glorious sphere
Of noble magnitude,
And didst with majesty appear
Among the world's of God.

2 But thy dimensions have been torn
Asunder, piece by piece,
And each dismembered fragment borne
Abroad to distant space.

3 When Enoch could no longer stay
Amid corruption here,
Part of thyself was borne away
To form another sphere.

4 That portion where his city stood
He gained by right approved;
And nearer to the throne of God
His planet upward moved.

5 And when the Lord saw fit to hide
The "ten lost tribes" away,

Thou, earth, wast severed to provide
The orb on which they stay.

6 And thus, from time to time, thy size
Has been diminished, till
Thou seemest the law of sacrifice
Created to fulfill.

Second Part.

7 The curse of God on man was placed;
That curse thou didst partake,
And thou hast been by turns disgraced
And honored for His sake.

8 The vilest wretches hell will claim,
Now breathe thy atmosphere;
The noblest spirits heaven can name
Have been embodied here.

9 Lord Jesus Christ thy surface graced;
He fell a sacrifice;
And now within thy cold embrace
Thy martyred Joseph lies.

10 When Satan's hosts are overcome,
The martyred, princly race
Will claim thee, their celestial home—
Their royal dwelling-place.

11 A "restitution" yet must come,
That will to thee restore,
By that grand law of worlds, thy sum
Of matter heretofore.

12 And thou, O earth, will leave the track
Thou hast been doomed to trace;
The Gods with shouts will bring thee back
To fill thy native place.

No. 177.

(P. M.)

1 When first the glorious light of truth
Burst forth in this last age,
How few there were, with heart and soul
To obey it did engage;
Yet of those few how many
Have passed from earth away,
And in their graves are sleeping
Till the Resurrection day!

2 How many on Missouri's plains
Were left in death's embrace—
Pure, honest hearts, too good to live
In such a wicked place.
And are they left in sorrow
And doubt to pine away?

Oh, no; in peace they're sleeping
Till the Resurrection day.

3 And in Nauvoo, the city where
The Temple cheered the brave,
Have hundreds of the faithful found
A cold, yet peaceful grave;
And there they now are sleeping
Beneath the silent clay,
But soon they'll share the glories
Of a Resurrection day.

4 Our Patriarch and Prophet, too,
Were massacred; they bled
To seal their testimony, they
Are numbered with the dead.
Ah, tell me, are they sleeping?
Methinks I hear them say,
"Death's icy chains are bursting!
'Tis the Resurrection day.

5 And here in this sweet, peaceful vale,
The shafts of death are hurled,
And many faithful Saints are called
To find a better world.
And friends are often weeping
For those who've passed away
And in their graves are sleeping
Till the Resurrection day.

6 Why should we mourn because we leave
These scenes of toil and pain?
O happy change! the faithful go
Celestial joys to gain;
And soon we all shall follow
To realms of endless day,
And taste the joyous glories
Of a Resurrection day.

No. 178.

(9's & 8's.)

1 Think not, when you gather to Zion,
Your troubles and trials are through;
That nothing but comfort and pleasure
Are waiting in Zion for you;
No, no; 'tis designed as a furnace,
All substance, all textures to try,
To burn all the "wood, hay and stubble,"
The gold from the dross purify.

2 Think not, when you gather to Zion,
That all will be holy and pure;
That fraud and deception are banished,
And confidence wholly secure;
No, no; for the Lord our Redeemer
Has said that the tares with the wheat
Must grow, till the great day of burning
Shall render the harvest complete.

3 Think not, when you gather to Zion,
The Saints here have nothing to do
But to look to your personal welfare,
And always be comforting you;
No; those who are faithful are doing
What they find to do, with their might;
To gather the scattered of Israel
They labor by day and by night.

4 Think not, when you gather to Zion,
The prize and the victory won.
Think not that the warfare is ended,
The work of salvation is done;
No, no; for the great prince of darkness
A tenfold exertion will make,
When he sees you go to the fountain
Where freely the truth you may take.

No. 179.

(L. M.)

1 How dark and gloomy was the night
When Satan did his powers array
Against the Prince of life and light,
And Judas did his Lord betray!

2 O how each heart did throb with fear
When He proclaimed the solemn word,

"There's one of you assembled here
Who will this night betray his Lord!"

3 The hour arrived, He took the cup,
Likewise the bread, and brake the blest;
"If I," said He, "be lifted up,
The penitent shall share my rest."

4 "When you shall meet, do this," He cried,
"United in my doctrine be,
In union, love and peace abide,
And then, always remember me.

5 "Though I'm betrayed I will return,
For all the dead shall hear My word,
And all my Saints shall cease to mourn
When heaven reveals their living Lord."

6 May we be of the chosen few,
Who ever faithful will remain;
And eat and drink with Christ anew,
And with Him in His kingdom reign.

No. 180.

(12's & 11's.)

1 Adieu to the city where long I have wandered
To tell them of judgments and warn them to flee;
How often in sorrow their woes I have pondered!
Perhaps in affliction they'll think upon me.

2 With tears of compassion, in silence retiring,
The last ray of hope for your safety expiring,
A feeling of pity this bosom inspiring,
Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

3 How often at evening your halls have resounded
With th' pure testimony of Jesus so free,
While the meek were rejoicing, the proud were confounded,
The poor had the Gospel; they'll think upon me.

4 When empires shall tremble at Israel's returning,

And earth shall be cleansed by the spirit of burning,
When proud men shall perish and priests with their learning,
Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

5 When th' union is severed, and liberty's blessings,
Withheld from the sons of Columbia, once free,
When bloodshed and war and famine distress them,
Remember the warning, and think upon me.

6 When this mighty city shall crumble to ruin,
And sink as a millstone, the merchants undoing,
The ransomed the highway of Zion pursuing,
Sing this lamentation, and think upon me.

No. 181.

(Tune "Marching Through Georgia.")

Who'd ever think that Utah would stir the world so much?
Who'd ever think the Mormons were

widely known as such?
I hardly dare to scribble or on the subject touch,
For all are talking of Utah.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Mormons have a name!
Hurrah! Hurrah! they're on the road to fame;
Don't matter what they style us, it's all about the same—
For all are talking of Utah.

'Tis Utah and the Mormons in congress, pulpit, press;
'Tis Utah and the Mormons in every place, I guess.
We must be growing greater, we can't be growing less—
For all are talking of Utah.

They say they'll send an army to set the Mormons right,
Regenerate all Utah and show us Christian light;
Release our wives and children and set us men to flight—
For all are talking of Utah.

They say that Utah cannot be numbered
as a state;
They wish our lands divided, but left it
rather late;
'Tis hard to tell of Mormons what yet
will be their fate—
For all are talking of Utah.

Whatever may be coming, we cannot
well foresee,
For it may be the railroad or some great
prodigy;
At least the noted Mormons are watch-
ing what's to be—
For all are talking of Utah.

I now will tell you something you've
never thought of yet:
We bees are nearly filling the hive of
Deseret.
If hurt we'll sting together, and gather
all we get—
For all are talking of Utah.

And now the Utah bill has passed and
she's become a state;
Remember that she'll take the lead in
all that's good and great,
Redeem the world, point out the way
that leads to heaven's gate—
Yes, all may now look to Utah!

Hurrah! Hurrah! Why can't the people see?
Hurrah! Hurrah! the truth has made us free.
We'll make this chorus ring from East to Western sea—
While all are talking of Utah!

No. 182.

I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord,
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.

CHORUS:
I need Thee, oh I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh bless me now, my Savior,
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour, stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour; teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises in me fulfill.

I need Thee every hour, most Holy One;
Oh make me Thine indeed, Thou
blessed Son.

No. 183.

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

CHORUS:

Let the lower lights be burning; send a
gleam across the wave,
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
you may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor, tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

No. 184.

I have read of a beautiful city
Far away in the kingdom of God,
I have read how its walls are of Jasper,
How its streets are all golden and broad.
In the midst of the street is life's river,
Clear as crystal and pure to behold,
But not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

CHORUS:

Not half has ever been told,
Not half has ever been told,
Not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

I have read of bright mansions in heaven,
Which the Savior has gone to prepare,
And the Saints who on earth have been faithful
Rest forever with Christ over there;
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,
The inhabitants never grow old,
But not half of the joys that await them
To mortals has ever been told.

No. 185.

Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share,
Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care,
Go think of it calmly, when curtained by night,
Go tell it to Jesus and all will be right.

Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief,
Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief,
Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way,
He'll lighten thy burden, go, weary one, pray.
Hearts growing a-weary with heavier woe
Now droop mid the darkness. Go comfort them, go.
Go bury thy sorrow; let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.

No. 186.

1 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high the royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victors' song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

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